THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States., Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883. $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 8.

ONLY A YEAR.

BY C. J.

A month of green and tender May,
All woods and walks awake with flowers,
Wide sun-lit meadows for the day,
And moon-bathed paths for evening hours.
A bright, bright dream that had no past,
And of the future knew no fear;
A kiss at first, a sigh at last—
Only last year.

Another spring, dim, loveless woods;
No farewell kiss, no parting tear;
No stone to mark where silence broods
O'er the dead love we found so dear,
But oh, to me the green seems gray,
The building branches all are sere,
For sweet love's sake that died one day,
Only last year.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

ON the second evening of Arran's stay at Poole, Irene ventured on the question she had been longing to ask—how did Daphne like her lover?

Daphne's blue eyes lighted up as she replied—

"I like him at present better than any one I have met since I left home. He would not interest papa, Irene; he is not 'picturesque' enough: but I think him a fine, sweet-tempered, straightforward Englishman.

"And he is so wonderfully clever and amusing.

"You may be proud of your lover Irene."

"I am proud of him," she said gently; "and I love you the more for liking him."

He won golden opinions from every one except Lady Ryeford.

"If Irene loses her chance of Poole through him," she thought to herself, "I shall hate him with a deadly hatred."

But of such contingency there did not seem to be much fear.

Lord Cradoc studied the character of his guest closely, but, save that he was more ambitious than the generality of young men, found nothing to distinguish him from them.

If he had advanced Liberal opinions or Radical notions, he refrained from giving utterance to them, and the Earl was agreeably surprised.

They had been talking one morning about the legal profession, when the Earl turned to him with a smile.

"You are very ambitious, Mr. Darleigh," he said.

"Yes; I admit it.

"I wish to rise, but not to any one's detriment."

"I think," Lord Cradoc laughed, "ambitious men succeed the best."

"I am sure they do.

"If a man is to strive at all, why should he not strive for the highest position? If I can, I mean to be Lord Chancellor before I die.

"Why should I not?"

"Why, indeed?" said Lord Cradoc.

"If I had been a private soldier, I should not have rested until I became a General.

"If I had been a sailor, I should have aspired to be an Admiral.

"I do not care in the least about hereditary honors," he said.

"I like those of a man's own winning, fame of one's own acquiring."

"Ah, remarked the Earl, "it is therein we differ!"

"I should be sorry to differ from you on any serious matter, Lord Cradoc," said Arran.

Then he bethought himself of her with regard to the Earl.

He looked wistfully at the white worn face.

"For I assure you," he continued, "I feel the deepest sympathy with you.

"Lord Cradoc, I will willingly endeavor to discard some of my prejudices, if they are such."

"I thank you," said the Earl simply. "I have much to say to you.

"We will talk together again to-morrow, and see how matters can be arranged."

Again from the aching heart and the worn lips went up the bitter cry to Heaven—

"Oh that my boys had lived, that all this might have been spared me!"

* * * * * * * * *

"In all probability then, Arran," said Irene to her lover, "this day will decide our destiny."

"Yes," he replied.

"But I feel a divided duty.

"My heart ached so for the poor old Earl yesterday that I felt ready to make any sacrifice for his sake."

"Then you must have pitied him very greatly," Irene said.

"Arran, before you go to see Lord Cradoc try to realize what serious interests are at stake. Will you listen to me?"

"I ask nothing better than to listen to you at all times and seasons."

He kissed the sweet smiling lips.

"What is it, darling?"

"Simply, Arran, that in your decision you will leave me entirely out of the question, and think only of yourself."

"Very likely indeed!" he replied.

"Most lover-like that would be!"

"You must, Arran.

"Remember that I would not have you injure one of the principles of your life for me.

"Whatever future you offer me will be most dear to me.

"If, without doing violence to your feelings, you can fall in with the Earl's desires and comply with his requests, I shall be delighted to succeed him.

"I love Poole and the grand old race to which I belong.

"So that, in doing my best to uphold the glories of the family of Cradoc, I shall be happy beyond words.

"But, if you cannot comply with his conditions, I shall be equally happy elsewhere as your wife, mistress of your home; my interests are identical with yours."

"Do you think, Irene, that is what the Earl wishes to speak to me about?"

"Yes, I am sure of it," she replied.

"He is going to impart to you the conditions on which the heiress of the House of Cradoc marries.

"I do not know them all, but one is that the husband-elect takes the name of Cradoc."

"I should not like that," said Arran.

"I knew that; and therefore I say, Do as you will—consult your own tastes.

"With you I shall be happy anywhere."

"And the other conditions, Irene?" he asked, after a pause.

"I can only tell you they all tend to the preservation of the grandeur of the House of Cradoc."

"Irene," he said gently, taking both her hands in his—

"If I come back and tell you that we could not agree, that I could not, even for your sweet sake, submit to the Earl's wishes, shall you be content?"

"Yes, quite, Arran," she answered, with a loving smile.

"If I came back and told you that all was settled, and that you would be Countess of Cradoc, should you love me any better than you do now?"

"No," she replied.

"No matter what happens, I shall always love you as I do now."

"Heaven bless you, Irene!" he said.

"There—I will go now.

"Poor old man!

"It must seem hard to him that strangers should be in his children's places.

"My heart has softened so, Irene, since I came here and saw him that to please him and meet his wishes I will sacrifice anything but what I consider my independence."

An hour afterwards Lady Ryeford saw the Earl with Arran Darleigh pass by the drawing-room windows in close conversation.

"There is mischief brewing," she said to herself. "I can see it.

"That man has been the bane of Irene's life, and now he will stand between her and her fortune."

And, if wishes could have slain, Arran Darleigh would not have lived long.

Yet, if she could have heard what was being said, she would have discovered that the interview was of a far pleasanter nature than she could have imagined.

Both were anxious to conciliate, desirous to give way as far as possible.

Lord Cradoc had a great admiration for the young barrister.

He could see that he had remarkable talent, and felt certain that he would rise to eminence in his profession.

He admired his genial qualities, his thorough integrity.

He pronounced him a man to whom a woman could entrust her honor, a fellow-man his life.

The Earl had proposed that they should converse while he took his morning walk: so they paced up and down the terrace arm-in-arm.

More than one pair of bright eyes watched them anxiously.

"Mr. Darleigh," the Earl began, "we are, I hope, both honest men, strong in our prejudices perhaps, but with good intentions.

"We take, Irene tells me, very opposite views of things in general.

"I, for the sake of Poole, shall yield so far as I can to you, and you, for the sake of Irene, will doubtless yield to me.

"The first thing which I must impress upon your mind is that whoever marries the heiress of Poole must, as it were, lose his own identity, and, becoming absorbed in the grand old race she represents, must change his name for hers.

"This, I understand, is your great objection."

"It is certainly, Lord Cradoc, an almost insurmountable one with me.

"I am proud of my name—not as being, like yours, an old and lofty one, but as being my very own, and one that I have looked forward to making famous.

"I cannot understand any man being careless about his name, or easily changing it."

Lord Cradoc bowed.

"I appreciate all you say; but unfortunately I cannot alter the rule of the house. I understand your hesitating to change your name lightly; but this, you must own, is a very exceptional case."

"I know it.

"Yet, to my mind, it is like selling oneself.

"It seems to me a humiliation to have to accept great wealth with my wife."

"I cannot quite see it in your case," said the Earl courteously.

"You loved Irene long before there was any idea of wealth coming to her.

"True love, as I imagine it, heeds neither poverty or wealth.

"If Miss Ryeford had become penniless instead of an heiress, what would you have done?"

"I would have married her the next day, my lord—that is, if she had been willing."

"Just the answer I expected from you!" said the Earl.

"Well, I cannot see why you should act differently because she has succeeded to riches instead of falling into poverty."

"It is difficult to control one's feelings," returned Arran, "and I confess candidly that I would rather that Irene were not your adopted heiress.

"I would rather work, make a home for her, win honor and fame for her, than that all these gifts should come to her from the hands of another."

"That is very natural," said Lord Cradoc; "but you must think of her; and may I ask you to think of me?"

"Is it imperative," Arran asked, "that whoever marries the heiress of Poole must take her name?"

"Her name, crest, coat-of-arms, everything, just as though his father himself had been Earl of Cradoc."

"But not the title?" said Arran.

"No, he may remain 'Mr. Cradoc.'"

"You say it is imperative that the name be changed, Lord Cradoc?"

"Yes, imperative," said the Earl.

"Now, if you marry Irene, why should you not call yourself Darleigh Cradoc?

"You naturally do not like to cast aside a name that is already famous.

"I think that will meet the difficulty."

At that moment they were interrupted, some one wishing to see the Earl on particular business.

"We must resume our conversation later, at your convenience, Mr. Darleigh," said the Earl, as he quitted him.

The next moment Irene, in velvet and fur, with bright bewitching eyes and smiling lips, joined him.

"My dearest Arran," she said, "I have just been thinking what a good thing it is you are not a woman."

"Why," asked the barrister, with a smile.

"Because you object so obstinately to change your name.

"I know it is very grand and noble in theory, but what would you think if I raised the same objection?

"No one ever pities us poor women for having to give up the name we have been known by during perhaps the happiest years of our lives.

"How often we change a noble high-sounding name for one that jars every time it is uttered!"

"True, Irene; but it is the lot of women," he replied.

"And you think we must be content with our lot?"

"I am sure on that point.

"At the same time, I own that you have thrown fresh light on the subject.

"If you will give me one kiss, Irene—a very loving one—I will promise compliance."

"You should have made the promise without asking for payment," she replied.

* * * * * * * *

Lady Ryeford was happy. The most brilliant career imaginable lay before her.

Beside her, as mother of the Countess of Cradoc, Lady Marcia would sink into insignificance.

A glorious future spread before her.

As Lady Ryeford, the widow of a City Knight, without fortune, she was comparatively a "nobody;" but as mother to the brilliant and beautiful Countess of Cradoc she felt that she could aspire to anything; and she dreamed blissfully of coming greatness.

"And that dear child might have married almost any one," she thought to herself, while her hatred of Arran Darleigh grew.

She had barely spoken to him when he went to her, his heart overflowing with happiness, and asked her congratulation.

"You know my opinion of the marriage," she said.

"As it always has been, so it is now. I see no reason for changing it. Irene might have done so very much better," she continued; "she could not have done very much worse."

After he had left her, however, she began to think that perhaps, after all, she had been foolish in offending the man who would have so much in his power.

She had made up her mind that, although she might not always live at Poole, she could make her home at Aldbury Hall when the family were not there.

Yet, the dearest wish of her heart being to live always at Poole, with her daughter, the moving spirit in its gaiety and brilliant festivities, she felt she must be more civil to Arran, since he swayed her daughter's destiny.

She knew well that if he had refused compliance with the Earl's desires, there would have been no hope of Irene's ever becoming Countess of Cradoc for she loved Arran far more than houses or lands, than money or power.

That evening, greatly to his surprise, Arran found Lady Ryeford exceedingly amiable and anxious to converse with him.

He was too happy to receive her overtures and, after half an hour's pleasant conversation, Lady Ryeford assured herself that her future was safe enough.

A general air of happiness pervaded the mansion, where of late all had seemed gloom and uncertainty, for now the rightful heiress was installed and evidently took the deepest interest in the management of affairs.

Her mother, too, the whole establishment of servants almost adored; for Lady Ryeford was suavity itself.

The Earl had spoken very kindly to the young pair.

"You will leave Poole intact while I live," he said. "I should not like the boys' rooms or anything that belongs to them disturbed."

"They shall be kept always, while I live, as they are now," replied Irene, with deep impressiveness.

And the Earl felt much happier than he had felt since his sons died.

Had he not Daphne to love, and Irene to rely upon?

The more he saw Arran the better he liked him.

To Irene's delight, the Earl took him over the estate, explained to him details of management, counselled him as to the letting of one or two vacant farms, and showed the utmost confidence to him. So all went merry as a marriage-bell. Mr. Rigby congratulated the Earl and himself on the choice they had made.

One morning the Earl met Daphne in the picture-gallery, where she had been studying the face that was dearest to her in all the world—the pictured face of Bertie Hyde, with its earnest eyes and sensitive mouth.

He was always touched by Daphne's affection for his dead son.

"He always seems to me," said Daphne, as they stood watching the lad's face, "as though he could speak."

"That is because the portrait is such an excellent one.

"Bertie had a face remarkable for its wonderful vitality: you see the same thing here in his portrait.

"He would have made a splendid man had he lived."

Then, with a sudden tender instinct, he turned to Daphne.

"Tell me, dear child," he said; "have you felt no disappointment at losing Poole?"

"Not much," she said. "It would be false to say that I was not just a little disappointed; but I know Irene is more fitted to fill the position.

"How clever she is, and how almost perfect as a woman!"

"I know some one whom I think almost perfect too," observed the Earl.

"I want you to feel that you need have no fear as to your future.

"I cannot divide my estates, but the future mistress of Islam, as Lady Marcia Hyde assures me you will be, will have income ample enough for all her needs."

"Lady Marcia is kindness itself to me," said Daphne; and she was silent for a few minutes, with her bright eyes fixed on the picture.

Then she glanced laughingly at him.

"Lady Marcia has had another of her strange dreams," she continued. "How odd it is that no one can dissuade her from believing them!

"This dream she had confided to no one but me.

"If I tell it to you, Lord Cradoc, you will keep the secret?"

"I promise you I will," he replied.

But he spoke gravely, for he felt nervous.

Marcia's dreams were very terrible to him.

"This dream puzzles her," said Daphne—"I suppose because it is so entirely unlike any previous dream in her experience."

"Daphne," cried the Earl shrinkingly, "I would rather not hear it; her last dream came so terribly true."

"But you must hear it," she said, with pretty persistence.

"I think it a very pretty dream, although Lady Marcia is quite tearful over it, and says she cannot understand it.

"She dreamt that she was watching the sun rising in the eastern sky, rose-color and gold blending with the faint purple of early morning, the drifting white clouds dispersing before the sun's rays; then she walked down to the river Wray, and crossed it.

"Sitting down to watch the rush of the water, she was struck by a strange monotony in the song of birds. And what do you think they were singing?" asked Daphne with a laugh.

"I could not guess," replied the Earl.

"You will laugh when you hear it. They were singing in chorus, 'Daphne, Countess of Cradoc! Daphne, Countess of Cradoc!' while the rippling river and the murmuring wind re-echoed the words. Now that can never come true."

"No," said the Earl slowly, "unless Irene dies."

"I wish," he continued impulsively, "that dear Lady Marcia would not dream dreams."

"A mystical relative with something of the prophetess and the seer about her is certainly not always agreeable," laughed Daphne.

"But I think this dream natural enough. Lady Marcia loves me, and is always thinking of me; while she also thinks a great deal of the future Countess of Cradoc.

"What more natural that she should think of us—the Countess and myself—as one?

"Still I must confess I have always thought it strange that the other dream should have come so true."

"Do not talk about it, Daphne," Lord Cradoc said shuddering. "It unnerves me still."

For many long weeks afterwards they remembered that evening.

Sir Arthur and Sir Trevor came over to dinner.

The conversation turned chiefly on the Duke and Duchess of Spalding, their eldest son, Lord Yewbury, having just returned.

"He will be sure to come over here," said Sir Trevor to Daphne; "I know he will, do."

"What?" asked Daphne, with a mischievous smile.

"Fall in love with you," replied the Baronet.

"He is sure to do that."

"You are a cheerful companion, Sir Trevor," Daphne said, laughing; "you are determined to see rocks ahead. It will make no difference to me if twenty Lord Yewburys fall in love with me."

He looked at her a little strangely.

"Do you know," he asked, "what people say of you, Miss Eriecote?"

"No.

"Nor do I think that I care very much," she said.

"They say that you do not care for any of us—that is, those who admire you—because you are in love with a picture."

"With what picture?" she asked.

"The portrait of Bertie Hyde that hangs in the gallery."

"He is dead," she said solemnly; "no one ought to speak lightly of such a matter."

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY RYEFORD was down-stairs earlier than usual on the morning after the dinner-party.

In those days she was too excited to sleep late.

The consciousness that, come what might she had done with the old past, that her life for the future must be one of opulence and pleasure, made her quite another woman.

That morning, as she stood before her glass, she had remarked that amongst the shining mass of hair there was not one which had turned gray—that there were no lines on her face; and for the first time it had struck her that there was great determination in it.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "if a physiognomist would call mine a good face or a bad one?

"It looks like the face of a woman who would not let anything stand long on her path."

And she felt that she was capable of anything rather than returning to the miserable life of keeping up great appearances on small means.

Very few people know themselves, know their capabilities for good or evil. Deep down in many hearts lie the germs of heroic good, deep in many others the power of untold evil.

If nothing happens to call them into existence, they lie there dormant for ever; but an unexpected change in life may rouse them into terrible activity.

Greed and avarice sleep in some hearts, charity and heroic self-control in others; murder lurks in one, and the endurance of martyrdom in another.

This was a beautiful February morning. A bright silver haze hung over the trees, the gardens had a gleam of yellow and purple crocuses, of fair white snowdrops.

Lady Ryeford walked to the window of the breakfast-room.

Her heart did not rise to Heaven; no sense of the beauty of the morning filled her heart.

One diamond or one crisp bank-note was more to her than all the trees that ever grew or flowers that ever bloomed. As she watched the pale gleam of sunlight on the larches, her heart was filled with ambitious thoughts.

Mother of the Countess of Cradoc! How they would bow and cringe, fawn and flatter now, those fashionable women who had made her life so great a burden to her!

And how she would repay them! She would exclude them from every entertainment given by her daughter—would wring their very hearts with envy.

A smile rippled over her handsome face as she fancied herself doing battle with these her enemies.

Then she left the window and approached the table on which the newspapers were lying cut and dried, ready for the Earl. She took up the *Times*, and seated herself comfortably by the fire.

Lady Ryeford had a very fair knowledge of politics, and liked to air her opinions.

She glanced first through the leading-articles.

Then she read the account of a gale which had ravaged the east coast, and of a fire in Clerkenwell, wherein, despite heroic efforts made to save them, two children had been lost.

Presently she turned the newspaper, and her eyes rested on a paragraph headed "Startling News."

It ran thus—

"We are anxious not to raise false hopes in the minds of any of those now mourning the loss of relatives who perished when the "Princess Maud" was wrecked; but a rumor has reached us that more than one of the passengers were picked up by a sailing-ship, the "Victor," bound for New Zealand. Further details are expected."

With blanched face and wildly beating heart she read the paragraph over and over again.

Surely fate could not have been so unkind?

Surely neither of those wrecked boys had been saved?

That would be too cruel!

She did not think of the Earl, of his bliss should such be the case.

She thought not even of Irene—only of her own loss.

More than one passenger had been picked up.

Ah, what need was there to frighten herself?

If a passenger of the rank of Lord Cradoc's sons had been saved, the news would have been telegraphed before now. They must be some obscure persons, whose lives were of no consequence.

Still no one should read the newspaper; she would destroy it.

She felt that she should go mad if she heard everybody around her discussing the chances *pro* and *con*.

She folded up the *Times* into as small a compass as possible, and took it away. She was so dazed as to think that by making away with the newspaper she could keep back the rumor from the rest of the party.

She went to her room, burned the tell-tale newspaper, and then descended again. When the breakfast-bell rang, of course there was a call for it. The Earl said he would sooner go without his cup of cocoa than his *Times*.

Yet, search as they might, it was not to be found.

The footman vowed that he had dried it, cut it, and placed it upon the table. No one had entered the room, so far as he knew except the butler.

The butler had not noticed the newspapers, much less had he touched them, while none of the ladies knew anything about it.

The Earl was annoyed.

"There is sure to be some important news in it," he said; "there always is when a copy is lost."

"Perhaps it never really came," suggested Lady Ryeford.

The footman was sent for again.

"Yes," he answerated, "it did come, I am quite sure; I remember cutting it. I could not possibly be mistaken."

"It is a very strange thing," said the Earl.

"It cannot have gone without hands, and who could have an interest in taking it?"

The mystery remained unsolved.

A short time after breakfast Irene was sent for by Lady Ryeford's room to see a milliner who was awaiting her there; when she entered she at once noticed an odor of burnt paper.

Lady Ryeford was not there; but Irene went to the fireplace.

She could not be mistaken; in it was a mass of charred newspaper that had been set fire to, but not completely destroyed.

A pang of fear pierced her heart as she saw it, for she felt certain that it was the missing copy of the *Times*.

But why should her mother have burned the paper?

Lady Ryeford entered the room at that moment, and the girl went straight to her.

"Mamma," she asked in a low voice, "why did you burn the *Times*?"

She knew her suspicion was correct by the sudden look of terror in her mother's eyes.

"Hush, Irene!" she cried, her handsome face growing pale. "Who says I burned the *Times*?"

"I do, mamma. The paper is there—at least, a black charred mass that was the paper once."

"You are mistaken," replied Lady Ryeford.

"I burned a quantity of old letters there this morning, and those are the fragments."

But Irene knew that the statement was not true.

Evidently her mother had destroyed the newspaper for some reason of her own.

Irene remained with her mother and the milliner until the question under discussion was settled, and then left them.

She was troubled concerning the newspaper.

She felt sure that her mother must have had a strong motive for destroying it.

What could it be? Was there any bad news about themselves, their friends or relatives?

Had some bank failed?

She was exceedingly distressed and anxious.

She could not rest for thinking of the matter, and resolved to speak to her mother again about it.

There was a slight gloom over the household that day.

The loss of the *Times* had displeased the Earl more than he cared to own.

It was clear enough that some one must have taken the newspaper; and he hated anything in the shape of mystery or deception.

The ladies of the household were, of course, above suspicion; one of the servants must be implicated, and it was unpleasant to him to mistrust even one of them. If, as Lady Marcia thought, the man, in drying it, had carelessly allowed it to catch fire, why should he not say so?

The matter would have ended then with a slight reprimand.

But he seemed so certain about handling it, and had affirmed so earnestly that he knew nothing of its removal, that Lord Cradoc did not like to disbelieve him.

Later in the day Irene was struck by the strange expression of Lady Ryeford's face.

She went up to her and kissed her.

"Mamma dear," she said, "you are not happy; there is something wrong, I am sure. You are not unhappy about Arran now?"

"No; I have learned to submit with as good a grace as I can, Irene," she replied. "It is not that; indeed it is nothing. You are fanciful about me."

"Mamma dearest," said Irene, bending over, "do trust me. You know that you may.

"Do tell me why you destroyed the paper.

"You can see that the Earl has been annoyed all day about it."

To have saved her life Lady Ryeford could not have given a straight-forward answer.

She looked angrily at the noble beautiful face.

"I have told you before," she said, "that you are mistaken; and, if you mention the matter to me again, I shall be deeply annoyed."

After that Irene was silent, but none the less was she convinced that there was some mystery in connection with that number of the *Times*.

How little she dreamed what it was!

How little, when they went to rest that night, did any of them dream what to-morrow would bring forth!

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. RIGBY sat in his office alone—was a comfortable room, well furnished and looked over a quaint old-fashioned garden.

At the end of the garden stood a row of tall trees, where for long generations a colony of rooks had dwelt; and when the industrious lawyer was tired with his work and leaned back in his chair to rest, he amused himself by watching the rooks as they met in solemn conclave, or sat silent and apparently deeply intent while a prominent member of the community held forth to his fellows.

Mr. Rigby lived in the principal street of the pretty market-town of Abbey Dale, in a large old-fashioned mansion, such as are not built at the present day.

It stood well back from the street and was screened by tall mountain-ash-trees. Every one knew Mr. Rigby's house by these trees.

The rooms were lofty, and in the large offices half the legal business of the county was conducted.

The grounds on the back were extensive, sloping down to the bank of a small stream a tributary of the Wray.

Mr. Rigby was the last of three brothers who represented the ancient and honorable firm of Rigby & Co.

None of them had married.

The two eldest had spent their whole lives in the old house, having been born, lived, and died there, and it seemed probable that the present representative of the firm would follow the example.

Mr. Rigby managed the estates of half the county.

There was no family in which he felt half so interested as in the Cradocs.

To the warm-hearted lawyer the loss of the boys had been as a personal blow.

Everything had been going on well; the estate was prosperous, the farms were well let, all was in perfect order; and then that terrible blow fell, the loss of both the sons.

"Caw, caw!" chanted the rooks as they flew hither and thither.

"Men must die, and so must we," seemed the burden of their refrain.

The lawyer raised his head and watched them with dreamy eyes.

He had been dining at Poole on the evening before, and had been very much amused with what he had witnessed there. He was delighted with Arran Darleigh, and, while Sir Trevor, in the novel character of a lover, always amused him, Daphne's fair girlish grace and loveliness charmed him. His mind was full of pleasant thoughts.

Mr. Rigby's newspapers still lay on the table by the fire; he had had time to read only the local ones, which to him were of the first importance.

The *Times* and other London newspapers were reserved until after luncheon. During the morning several clients had called, so that until now he had not had five minutes' leisure.

He leaned back for a space to enjoy his reminiscences of the past evening and to watch the rooks.

What could be the matter with them? They had evidently heard news of great importance; they were all cawing at once.

"Bless the birds!" said the lawyer. "I

do not think I have ever heard them so noisy before."

There was a ring at the office-bell.

"That is young Harold of Shilton," he said to himself, "come about the lease."

But the young man was a long time in making his way in.

Mr. Rigby's thoughts had gone off to the rooks again, when he heard a rap at the office door.

He startled violently, unaccountably, as though something strange were about to happen.

"Come in," he said; and then the door opened.

He sprang from the chair, his heart beating wildly and a mist floating before his eyes.

His lips parted, but not a sound issued from them.

Yet nothing so formidable met his gaze that he should stand there, pale, trembling, and agitated, ready to cry to Heaven for help.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reaping as we Sow.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A KIND-HEARTED and more genial person than Mrs. Waddell it would have been hard to find.

She possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of making every one happy with whom she came in contact.

A thousand little kind and gracious ways peculiar to herself, she had—small attentions pleasant words, encouraging smiles, friendly sympathy.

The charity that never faileth seemed to spring by nature—a spontaneous growth—in the kindly soil of Mrs. Waddell's heart.

A niece who resided with her, a fashionable young lady, given to exclusiveness and the proprieties, was oftentimes horrified at the shape it took.

When, for instance, the lady would plunge into the roadway to pilot a blind beggar over a dangerous crossing; or would stop to pick up and console a miserable child fallen flat on its face in the mud while running a race, and left behind by its ragged companions, deaf to its outcries.

"Do, aunt, let the dirty little wretch alone!

"Here are all the Berkeleys driving up."

But no.

The incorrigible aunt would continue to fumble in her pocket for the penny which was to bring joy to the poor little heaving breast, and to evoke a smile, by blissful visions of sugar-stick, on the grimy face, down which tears and dirt were coursing.

Born "in the purple," and belonging to the upper ten thousand, Mrs. Waddell's power of conferring benefits was confined to the exercise of the influence which station and personal popularity give.

Her pecuniary means were but small, barely sufficing for the needs of her modest establishment; and it often cost her much contrivance and a hard strain to make ends meet.

But she was too sure of her position, as well as too essentially thoroughbred, to have recourse to the shams which make genteel poverty so terrible to those engaged in the weary struggle of keeping up appearances.

One summer, when her exchequer was lower than usual, Mrs. Waddell had decided to remain in town.

Hotels and lodgings at the sea-side were expensive; and visits to country-houses entailing railway fares to servants, and extra dress, were more than she could manage with prudence.

So, having sent off her niece with a friend, she remained behind to economize.

The weather was exceptionally sultry for the time of year.

The grass in the parks and squares was brown and burned up; fierce sunshine beat upon the hot pavements, and poured relentlessly down upon the heads of those whose business took them abroad in the day.

In many shops, the employes behind the counter served in their shirt-sleeves.

The lightest garments were adopted by all; every one languished in the sweltering heat.

Attending church would have been a trial, had congregations been their usual size; but these were thinned by so many people being out of town.

It happened, however, that on a certain Sunday, the advent of a popular preacher had been announced in the chapel where Mrs. Waddell had sittings; and in consequence, crowds flocked to hear him.

The heat was intense, the crush and stuffiness almost unbearable.

Every seat in the building occupied, every aisle crammed.

Mrs. Waddell, never very strong, was easily overcome by heat; so that the having her niece's place in addition to her own was a welcome relief, by giving her more breathing-room.

Their sittings were the first two of the row; and during the service she became aware of an individual standing in the aisle immediately outside her.

He was a fat old man, dreadfully hot, and was perspiring profusely.

Benevolent though she was, our good Samaritan could not make up her mind, as she ruefully scanned his dimensions, to offer her niece's place to this person.

But she felt odiously selfish.

It was a reproach to her, as the prayers went on, to see him leaning up against the side of the pew, in, she fancied, a feeble, helpless way.

The huge crimson bandana with which he mopped his puffy face became in her eyes a signal of distress; and she imagined gout and suffering in his uneasy shiftings from one foot to another.

At last, she could hold out no longer.

Edging herself away as far as possible, she motioned to the man to come in; and with a grateful look he obeyed, sinking down—an obese perspiring mass of hot humanity—half suffocating the unhappy lady as he did so.

Her discomfort was so intense, and the frowns of her neighbor on the other side so spiteful, at the accession of this extra heat and bulk, that a less kind-hearted person would have repented of her good deed.

But everything, disagreeable or otherwise, comes to an end and passes away at last.

So did this sweltering Sunday service; so did the summer and its heat; and so did the memory of the elderly fat man and his crushing of her, from Mrs. Waddell's mind.

Summers and winters had arrived and departed; and now Christmas had come again.

Christmas, with its often painful associations; telling, as anniversaries will, of change and vacant places, and loved ones missed and absent.

Christmas, with its greedy expectants, grumbling over gifts that at any other time, and not taken as "matters of course," would have filled the receivers with grateful pleasure; all craving, few satisfied.

Christmas, that viewed, of course, in its secular aspect alone, brings—as some one has said—joy only to the children and the young.

Above all, Christmas with its bills!

A distracting pile of these was on the breakfast-table before poor Mrs. Waddell, when her niece came into the room.

"Enough to spoil any appetite," she said, turning them disconsolately over.

"Here is a letter that does not look like the rest.

"Not a bill, evidently.

"I don't know the handwriting;" and she broke the seal.

"Ah, a mistake; the letter's not for me. Some lucky person has been left a fortune," she added with a sigh; "and this is from the lawyer to announce it. I must send it back by return of mail."

But it was not a mistake, though Mrs. Waddell maintained it must be, as she did not know the testator, and had never even heard of his name.

It turned out that her little service to the old gentleman—a wealthy manufacturer, who had made his own fortune, and having neither kith nor kin, had meant to leave it to a hospital—had been thus rewarded.

He had learned her name and address from the card affixed to the seat; and subsequently identified her with it by inquiries made before leaving town.

Ruby's Sorrow.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

I WISH I was dead, so there!"

And Ruby Brown stood the picture of lovely despair, gazing down at a yellow mass at her feet, consisting of six dozen crushed eggs.

Poor Ruby had been a whole month saving and hoarding these treasures which were to play an important part in the purchase of a lovely "Easter bonnet," Aunt Emily had contemptuously called it, when Ruby had said in a pleading tone, "But, auntie, all the girls are going to have pretty new hats to wear on Easter Sunday."

"Easter bonnets, indeed!" snapped Aunt Emily.

"Girls in my time didn't think eternally about bonnets; and Easter Sunday wasn't made a show-day for bonnets, either."

"If I could have the eggs, auntie," pleaded Ruby, ignoring her last remarks.

"Well, take 'em; I don't care, if you can save enough 'tween this and then.

"You'll have to have a bonnet at any rate shortly after Easter."

Ruby ran joyfully out into the coop to gather the first instalment, after giving Aunt Emily an affectionate little hug.

"That child always gets the best of me," smiled the spinster aunt, grimly—who had been mother and aunt for many years, nearly eighteen now, since her dearest and youngest sister had died.

No one knew whatever had become of gay, wild, dissipated Will Brown, Ruby's father, whom people said had once been Emily's lover, and who had deserted her for the younger sister, pretty Helen.

The eventful morning had come on which Ruby's eggs were to be disposed of.

Blithely and gaily she started forth, a neat willow basket on her arm, her eyes shining like twin stars, and cheeks rivalling summer roses.

A stray robin chirped dubiously overhead in the budding but leafless trees, and visions of the "Easter hat" floated before Ruby's vision, with which the young curate, who had just been settled at the "Caworth village" church, should be ensnared; for all the girls, Aunt Emily said, "were casting sheep's eyes that way."

Ruby tripped along in the crisp March air, satisfied with herself and the whole world, when, alas! for human hopes and joys how fleeting, Ruby caught her foot in some tangled weeds, and fell headlong upon her precious basket of eggs, and for a moment felt as if the whole world had crushed all the joy and happiness out of her young heart and life.

In her great sorrow she gave vent to the ejaculation, "I wish I was dead!" as she slowly arose from the ruins of all her (eggs) hopes.

"Can I be of any assistance?" asked someone behind her.

Ruby started and looked around, to encounter the amused smile on the young curate's face.

"I hardly think anyone can remedy this disaster," stammered Ruby, dismally viewing the mass at their feet.

"Eggsactly," laughed Mr. Howard.

"Don't laugh!" said Ruby, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, I beg.

"I will try not to laugh," he said, anxiously.

"How foolish I am," said Ruby, bravely trying to smile; "but I have lost my Easter hat."

"Your Easter hat?" he asked, a little non-plussed.

"Yes.

"With those eggs I should have bought it!" sighed Ruby.

"Hem!

"Well, is it absolutely necessary to have Easter hats, Miss Brown?"

"Oh, no!

"Still, everyone does, you know," said Ruby, gravely.

"No.

"I did not know it before.

"Do you not think you could enjoy Easter without a new hat, Miss Brown?" he asked, looking into the sweet face searchingly.

"Oh, yes, I could," replied Ruby, blushing rosily.

"I think I have been a little vain, and I am punished in this way."

And Ruby laughed quite merrily.

"Not one left to tell the tale," he answered, joining in her laughter.

"Only on my dress and mantle," laughingly said Ruby; "that will tell all."

"Allow me to remove a few flecks from your hair."

And he bent forward with a dainty cambric handkerchief, removing the golden spots from the soft, curling brown hair; both faces had taken on an added hue of pink.

"May I walk back with you?" he asked a little eagerly, as she turned to go home, after their united efforts to clean the basket which they partially succeeded in doing.

Permission was shyly given, and soon they were chatting like old friends, and Ruth was surprised that she felt no greater disappointment in the loss of her "Easter hat."

Ruby went to church on "Easter Sunday" with her winter's hat, and the Rev. Clinton Howard thought the face so sweet and good beneath it, that all the new "Easter hats" sank into insignificance in contrast; but Ruby looked around at the pretty sprays of rose-buds, mignonette, violets, and pansies, and could not help but feel a little pang of envy.

How could she know that that the young curate was not admiring the pretty faces so sweetly adorned?

And how could she know that while the organ sent forth its grandest music, the thought had come to him that another Easter Ruby Brown should wear an "Easter hat," and it should be bridal white.

ALL ABOUT A TITLE.—The question of a title for the Chief Magistrate of the United States was one of the topics of debate during the early Congress. Among the other questions discussed was the reception of the President by the Senate on his inauguration; how should the Vice-President behave; should the Senate receive him and his address standing or sitting? Some excitement was raised by Mr. Adams speaking of the inaugural message next day as "his most gracious speech," the Senate finally directing the words "most gracious" to be stricken from the minutes.

There was dispute, too, as to the popular access which should be given to the President, whether everybody should come to see him or whether he should be isolated as much as possible from his fellow-citizens.

A committee of the Senate was appointed to devise suitable titles for the Chief Magistrate.

At one time the title selected was taken from Poland—"his Elective Majesty." But after deliberating three or four weeks the committee reported that it would be proper to address the President as "his Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties." During a debate of five days the scales vibrated between the title of "his Excellency" and "his Highness," and the advocates of a title finally settled upon "his Highness."

A majority of the Senate was in favor of its adoption, but the House of Representatives, more Democratic, solved the whole business by prefacing an address to the President in these words: "To the President of the United States," whereupon the Senate postponed the subject indefinitely and followed the example of the House of Representatives.

Absurd as this seems to us now, it is doubtful if it is more absurd than our inauguration ceremonies, and the relics that remain of homage paid to the President as though he were raised a little above the common level, will seem to our descendants 100 years hence.

"WHAT influence has the moon on the tide?" the teacher asked John Henry. And John Henry said it depended on what was tied; if it was a dog it made him howl, and and if it was a gate it untied it, just as soon as a cow or a young man came along. It is such things as this that make school-teachers want to lie down and die every day at four o'clock.

Bric-a-Brac.

ORIGIN OF 101 GUNS.—When Maximilian returned in Germany, from a successful campaign, 100 rounds of cannon were ordered on the reception of the monarch. The officer on duty, fearing he might have neglected one, ordered another gun for the purpose of making it sure.

THE WEDDING-RING.—There have been various conjectures concerning the finger for the wedding-ring. The most rational idea is convenience. 1st, It is placed on the left hand, as it is less used. 2d, This finger is not only less used but cannot easily be used alone, and the ring is thus well guarded.

THE BEST DANCER.—Two Highlandmen kilted in primitive order, dropped inadvertently into an Episcopal chapel on a Sunday and seated themselves in a respectable pew. Having never been in an Episcopal chapel before, their astonishment cannot be described on a beautiful symphony being struck up by the organist. At that instant a gentleman came to take possession of the seat, and civilly laid his hand on his shoulder and pointed to the door. "Hout tout!" cried the Highlander, "tak, out Donald there, he be a far better dancer than me."

MILK AND MILKMEN.—The persons charged with milk adulteration at Glasgow sometimes fall on curious and ingenious lines of defence. It was pleaded—unsuccessfully however—against a charge of selling diluted milk that the cow that yielded it was suffering from "water in the head." A little later a milk dealer, who was fined for selling buttermilk adulterated with thirty per cent of water, put forward as an explanation of the presence of the water that the bung had been inadvertently left out of the barrel during a heavy shower of rain.

TO SNEEZE:—

Sneeze on Monday,
Sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday,
Kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday,
Receive a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday,
Something better;
Sneeze on Friday,
Expect sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday,
Joy to-morrow.

FISHING.—The following anecdote of Josh Billings was related recently by a well-known brother humorist. "One day, about the time when he commenced to write for the press, he went off with a friend on a fishing excursion. The fishing 'ground' was a small brook flowing through a meadow, the 'game' limited. In fishing down the stream they came to a broad fence separating two pastures and crossing the brook. Unwilling to get over the fence, and still more unwilling to leave without some trophies, they resolved to float the line under for one last trial. A strong pull was soon felt, and with much difficulty they landed a—gosling. An account of this incident, written in a humorous style, was sent to a local paper, and there suffered rejection. He then rewrote the article; it was accepted and further contributions requested. From that time forth he adopted the style, and thus to the gosling may be given the honor of having developed one of America's most popular humorists.

SPECTACLES.—Those who are compelled to wear spectacles are often the victims of a good deal of personal ridicule nowadays; but time was when it was considered fashionable to wear them, even by people who were not in the least near sighted. In Spain they formed part of the costume of every well-bred person. This absurd use of glasses was meant to increase the gravity of the appearance, and consequently the veneration with which the wearer of them was regarded. A young monk, having through the assistance of his family caused his convent to succeed in an important lawsuit, thought himself liberally rewarded when the prior, having embraced him, said to testify his gratitude, "Brother, put on spectacles!" The glasses of spectacles were proportioned in size to the rank of the wearer; those worn by the Spanish nobles were nearly three inches in diameter. The Marquis of Astorga, Vicaroy of Naples, after having his bust sculptured in marble, particularly enjoined the artist not to forget his beautiful spectacles.

ABOUT MOLES.—The subjoined manifesto on moles and their influence is afloat, and is given as an interesting piece of reading. The author probably did not know the significance of a wart on the nose:—"A mole spot on the arm pit really promises wealth and honor. On the ankle it bespeaks modesty in men, but courage in women. When a mole spot is found on the right breast it is a sure sign of honesty, if on the left it forebodes poverty—on the chin it promises wealth, on the right ear respect, on the left ear dishonor. If it is seen in the centre of the forehead it bespeaks treachery, sullenness and outdidness. If it is on the right temple it foreshows that you will enjoy the friendship of the great; on the left temple it forebodes distress; on the right foot it bespeaks wisdom, on the left rashness. When it is on the right side of the heart it denotes virtue; when on the left side, wickedness. When it is on the knee of a man it denotes that he will have a rich wife; when it is on the left knee of a woman she may expect a large family. A mole on the lip is a sign of gluttony and talkativeness; on the neck it promises wealth. A mole on the nose indicates that a man will be a great traveler; on the thigh it forebodes poverty and sorrow, and on the wrist ingenuity.

TWO LOVERS.

BY L. O. L.

Down in the vale where the sweet flag grows,
Two lovers one night went walking;
The water was bright with the blush of the rose
And the bird in the bough was mocking—
The bend of a bough and the blush of a rose,
And the laugh of the lovers talking.

Down in the vale where the sweet water flows
A maid and a man went walking;
She caught in her cheek the flush of the rose—
He caught in his heart the mocking
Of the bird in the bough: "The wind that blows
Is the promise of lovers a-talking!"

Down in the vale where the leaf of the rose
Fades, a maiden a-lonely is walking;
The truth of the lost Summer's sweetness, who knows?
But the bird there forever is mocking.
Love's Summer it comes—Love's Summer it goes,
While the lovers unmindful are talking.
To-day 'tis chilly with yester-year's snows—
But 'twas sweet while the lovers were walking.

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"YOU are sensible enough on every point but the one," admitted his father gruffly.

"Now, it may be in my power to make it a nearer thing for you.

"But, remember, in that case I shall make stipulations.

"I can't afford to be romantically generous.

Edward's heart leaped up at the gleam of hope.

"I am ready to consent to anything in reason, sir.

"I don't wish to oppose you unnecessarily."

"That is, except when it suits your own purpose," commented his father sarcastically.

"Well, listen.

"There is a commission going out to Australia to collect evidence in the Saunders case.

"I believe I have influence enough to get you appointed secretary.

"What advantages and opportunities, both present and future, that may afford you I leave you to determine for yourself."

The young man's face flushed and brightened.

It was a prospect sufficiently well-pleasing to an honorable ambition, to say nothing of more tender feelings.

"I could wish for nothing better," he said.

"What do you require in return?"

"Simply this.

"You have not spoken to the young lady you say.

"In this you have done well and honorably, as I expect a son of mine to act.

"All I wish is that, until you return from Australia, you will pursue the same course—that you will not see or write to Miss Lindsay, nor in any way seek to hold any communication with her.

"I don't believe the time will altogether be more than a year."

He ceased.

His son rapidly revolved his position.

It was a far better one than he had thought possible half an hour ago.

But he had not bargained for that year's perfect separation and thorough silence.

Brought face to face with it, it seemed hard indeed to bear.

"I am more obliged to you than I can tell," he replied.

"But not to see her once, or write a line before I go—that is very hard."

"I cannot help it.

"You must accept my offer entirely or not at all.

"I consider that you owe something to your father.

"He merely asks that before he consents to a highly disadvantageous match the feeling which prompts you to it should be tried.

"If it is a real attachment you need not fear the result.

"If it is a passing fancy it is far better it should evaporate before, instead of after, you have bound yourself with bonds which can never be rightly broken.

"Doubtless we elders appear great fools in the eyes of young men.

"Perhaps you will admit that in this case I have a certain amount of reason on my side."

Edward could not deny it.

Was his love to shrink from any kind of trial.

If it were not hard upon Margaret there were no grounds why he should therefore object to his father's proposal.

And he had no reason to suppose it would be any hardship to her.

After all he could not see her.

In honor he was bound to hold his tongue.

Was he certain he could do so if he saw her!

And, if uncertain, was he not bound to avoid her, even if he stayed in England, as much as if all the waters of the globe rolled between them?

So he accepted his father's offer, and gave his promise to observe the conditions on which it was made.

Father and son, once more at peace, worked together to obtain the post which each desired, but on such various grounds.

The commission left England in November, and before it sailed Mr. Durrant relented so far as to obtain for his son the welcome assurance of Margaret's good health and spirits.

Further, however, he would not go; and his son, who, as far as honor went, was after all but his image, faithfully observed his part of their covenant.

But no one knew how much it cost him to maintain that silence.

Meanwhile at Upton the cold, wet winter passed away, as usual, in dreary monotony as far as Miss Durrant was concerned.

She was cold, gloomy and imperious as of old, more exacting than ever towards Margaret, and with perhaps, as the months rolled by, a shade of contemptuous pity in her eyes as she looked at her.

The servants, the villagers, were all unchanged.

So was the old white-haired clergyman, the only individual of her own rank the girl ever saw.

There had been a couple of births and deaths in the little hamlet.

Otherwise, as Margaret reflected when the first year of her stay at Upton came to a close, the people were a year older. That was all the change.

Yes, outwardly all was the same, but, in the girl's heart worked the beginning of a mighty change.

Once more the spring began to wake the earth to gladness.

This year there was for her a note of pain running through the current of its joy.

No longer, in happy carelessness of the future, could she watch the unfolding of the crocus-buds, or wonder at the beauty with which the wild primroses and violets embroidered some slope of withered grass, making it like the robe of a mighty king, or listen with ears entranced to the blackbird's evening song.

That quiet, unconcerned girlish bliss was past.

For good or for evil she had tasted of a knowledge which, while it mocked her sometimes with brief glances of a happiness almost too bright for earth, made her heart sink at others with the foreboding of a misery greater than anything she had suffered yet.

And, together, the happiness and the pain caused her to grow restless, and, so growing relax her hold of peace.

The thought of Edward Durrant's last visit took an ever-deepening hold of her as she mused upon it in her solitary life.

Gradually the remembrance became far dearer to her than the actual thing had been.

Fair hope and unfading love gathered around it, strengthening as from day to day his praises rang in her ears.

He had come among the country people like an angel from heaven.

His strong sense of justice, quick sympathy and gracious bearing, was too strong a contrast to their other rulers to be easily forgotten.

So still as Margaret went among them she heard fresh tales of his right-doing, till, as she walked home through some bowery lane or by the shining river, her eyes would grow deep and beautiful, and her cheeks flush scarlet as she pondered on the happiness hidden at her heart.

Guileless of the ways of the wicked world, it did not trouble her that he never came again, that he sent no letter or message even to Miss Durrant.

Had he not spoken of constraining circumstances, of years of waiting?

To her dreamy imaginative nature there was something so beautiful in the triumph of tried affection through such a proof that it consoled her for the aching his prolonged absence was awakening in her soul.

And if sometimes there would come an uneasiness harder to endure—the sense of the wide disparity between the heir of Upton and a poor relation of its present owner—why, then love and pride would battle in her mind, but never love and doubt.

A shield and safeguard was this dream of happiness.

Miss Durrant's furtive glances of keen displeasure passed unmarked.

And though she had a consciousness that she was now more often angry with her, and spoke to her with increased bitterness and irritation, it never dawned upon her that there might be a special cause for it. The intensity of one idea had rendered others proportionately dim.

Thus the thought that Miss Durrant partly guessed and wholly disapproved her secret did not occur to torment her as it would otherwise have done.

As time passed away, bright, interesting letters came from Edward Durrant to his home.

It was full of his new work and schemes, and his father said—"it is well; all is going as I thought."

So at Whitsuntide he ran down to Upton partly on his cousin's business, partly to see the girl he had so dreaded.

To him Margaret appeared a pale, pretty young thing, with nothing to say for herself.

He took her for the text of a whole meditation on the unreasonableness of young men, especially when they are deep in love.

The truth was that Margaret had a vivid memory of his letters about her coming to Upton, and her delicate, sensitive nature shrank into itself in his presence.

Moreover she was startled and somewhat bewildered by the news, first imparted to her now after the lapse of so many months that her love was in Australia.

Delighted to find there was nothing alarmingly attractive about the girl, Mr. Durrant felt more than ever satisfied with the probable success of his scheme, and his own worldly wisdom in originating it.

The night before he left Upton in consequence—when Miss Durrant, contrary to her custom, grew inquisitive on the subject of Edward's future prospects—he allowed himself more speech on the subject of the pretty young heiress, Miss Sadler, her perfections and general desirability.

He was afterwards fain to acknowledge to himself, this was neither warranted nor prudent.

When, a few days after his departure, Miss Durrant received a letter from him, Margaret said, in her timid, gentle way—

"I hope he reached home safely."

"I don't see why you need trouble yourself about that," returned Miss Durrant, with cold contempt.

"The Durrants are nothing to you—or should not be.

"And you are certainly nothing to them."

The color came into the girl's face, but she said nothing.

She could not tell Miss Durrant how much she thought she was to at least one of them.

There was a pause of a few minutes.

During it Margaret went one with the sorting of some letters, which chanced to be the business in hand.

Every particular of the scene that followed lived in her memory long after.

It was a lovely morning in the early summer, and the girl remembered for years how rusty her carefully preserved black dress appeared in the sunlight, and how worn and wrecked Miss Durrant looked, as she sat crouching in her usual chair, in contrast with the June roses on the table beside her.

On her weary, gloomy face was a sort of vindictive satisfaction, as if that had come which she had expected and desired.

With hard, icy indifference she began to speak again.

"You remember my cousin who was here last year?

"His father tells me he is to marry, on his return from Australia, a Miss Sadler, a beautiful heiress.

"It is a most sensible match, and I have given it my cordial approval.

"I hear his reason for going to Australia was to free himself from some foolish entanglement that stood in the way."

It was a longer speech than usual for Miss Durrant.

At its close she rested silent with the silence of a smouldering volcano.

A hard smile on her face, her pitiless, vindictive eyes fastened on the girl.

Whether she had simply misunderstood or wilfully exaggerated her cousin's words who can tell?

Margaret received her speech with perfect outward composure, replying as she went on with her papers—

"Indeed!

"I hope he will be happy"—her delicate truthfulness alone standing between her and the usual—"I am very glad to hear it."

But the next minute the stunned sensation of incredulous unbelief gave way to a hot flush of agony, so intense that the effort to suppress all outward signs of it made her catch her breath and grow giddy as she tried to put away the thought that was causing it until she should be alone.

She would hardly have succeeded had not Mrs. Cator, most fortunately for her, arrived just at that juncture on some business that required Margaret's temporary absence.

As she got away, and even as she closed the door behind her, the cruel thought fastened on her with such vehemence that she could no longer support herself, but staggering a few steps forward into the hall, she sank prone on the ground, fairly crushed by the weight of this sudden grief.

Fairly crushed—the slight, graceful form cowering like that of a beaten hound, the bright head, once so highly prized, so tenderly caressed, lying on the cold damp stones, or partially kept from them by the feverish hands that sought to keep out the unfeeling light of day.

Motionless she lay cowering in the quiet sunshine of the ancient hall, rigid and torn within by the force of that terrible pain.

She shed no tears.

Why should she?

What good would they do?

When she had wept her eyes blind, what relief would that bring to the blank despair at her heart?

She raised herself suddenly at last, remembering, in a dull confused fashion, that any one finding her in that posture would wonder.

And tottered, as in a dream, to the nearest support, which chanced to be the balustrade of the stately staircase.

Moved by blind instinct, she opened her arms and threw them round it as if it had been a living thing, capable of giving her the sympathy she so sorely needed, the comfort she could find nowhere in herself.

Coldly and passively the cunningly wrought wood met her convulsive clinging hold, the carved griffin that surmounted it seemed to evade her agonised, imploring eyes, and looked, with his wooden stare, across the great gloomy apartment, taking no note of her and all her woe.

Ah, no—there was no response—none to care for her or quiet the slow, shuddering gasps in which she caught her breath!

The old pictures only looked with triumphant scorn at the righteous retribution that had overtaken the humble stranger who had dared to love one of their noble race.

"Will Heaven be merciful to me and let me die?" she moaned out to herself.

And then, even as the awful prayer passed her quivering lips, she knew that she was wrong.

She remembered that none who have regard to that higher life and all that it implies need or ought ever to despair, but, on the contrary, to believe with a belief as sure as certain knowledge that the present pain would pass away into perfect joy—the thick darkness end in cloudless light. And, with that thought of consolation at heart she lifted her bowed head, and loosed her hold of the carved wooden column, and stood erect, feebly indeed, body as well as mind exhausted as by some terrible convulsion, but still no longer crouching in hopeless despair. For she felt the rock beneath her feet; she knew that this, which had power to sustain her thus in the first hour of utter need, would never be withdrawn or pass away, however often the hot flush of agony should seize upon her again—however wearily the remembrance of her dead joy should cause her feet to move about her daily business henceforth.

She had small semblance to a conqueror as she stood, drooping like a broken lily; and yet from that hour onward the terrible trial which might have been her ruin was overruled to her good—from that hour the principle reigned triumphant in her heart, which is content to endure, if it may but overcome at last, which counts temporal loss a small price to pay for spiritual and moral gain.

And yet indeed, unless contrasted with that great gain, it was no small price. To Margaret's sensitive, dreamy nature, this love had come with a strength and sweetness denied to many. She who had never trifled with the feelings of others, who had held her head with such disdain above the frivolities of the many, had stooped to love at last only to be played with and deserted. She had given her heart with all her heart, without a reservation or thought of herself. She had now no fortress of scorn in which to entrench herself, still less any idea world in which it was possible to shield herself from the thought of him. She was utterly bankrupt. Often—as during this summer she pressed her hands to her eyes to shut out the glare of light, which was to her as cruel as a shrill burst of trumpets to an aching head—she grew heart-sick at the thought of the weary, barren life in store for her, not knowing—as we may not know—how it was yet to flush with rosy light.

For she had accepted the truth of Miss Durrant's statement as unreservedly as she had given her whole faith the year before. Her simple unsuspecting nature gave it full credence, backed as it was by that ominous absence in Australia, that silence the import of which seemed so suddenly and wholly altered. It was not for a long time that she even dreamt there might be some mistake—that there was the shadow of hope that it was not true.

And meanwhile, with all the tender subtlety of love, she set herself to clear her lover from all blame. For if it was a pain hardly to be endured to have lost his love, it would be something worse to believe him unworthy. Through all this period of torture not one bitter feeling towards him entered her heart. How natural it was for a man to amuse himself with a pretty girl in that dull place, thinking, if he was conscious enough of what he was doing to think about it at all, that it was as light a thing to her as it was to him! Or, when that way of viewing it displeased her—for it touched her pride to think that a man of that character should have won her so easily and entirely—she would tell herself she had been mistaken as to the meaning of those well-remembered speeches—that they had been spoken of another, not to her.

Thus, though she believed herself to be "a woman scorned," she was no Byronic fury. That master of superficial passion had no power to penetrate to the height or depth of such a nature as hers. Love, not hatred, was still in her heart, though the evoking love had passed away. In this hour of need her quiet enthusiasm for all things noble and generous came to her aid, and she strove hard to be unselfish.

"If he is happy should I not count it well with myself?"—so ran her painful musing. "Any sorrow that remains after that must be selfishness—sorrow for myself. And it is only false, earthly love that is selfish, not true love. Love that is worthy of the name loves its object, not itself."

Miss Durrant did not lighten her burden. She appeared to see through the calm cheerfulness Margaret forced herself to assume in the presence of others, and pursued her with searching glances, and goaded her with stinging words, wringing her heart as coolly as if it were made of stone.

One day, for example, she began to carp carelessly at something her cousin had done. Margaret tried to show her she was mistaken as gently and carelessly as she could. Miss Durrant stared at her in contemptuous surprise.

"I see it is not true that even a worm will turn if it be trodden on," she said, with withering scorn. "People in my rank of life do not let themselves be trampled upon so easily, but such as you are too poor-hearted for that. I can tell you I would rather have died than have borne such a thing tamely."

She had clenched her first and put her head forward in her vehemence till it almost touched Margaret's. She looked the very incarnation of selfish pride as she uttered the words, in her hard voice.

"I don't speak without cause," she went on; "I——"

And then a sudden change flashed over her. The proud head went down, the proud light died in her eyes, the despairing gloom

stole over her face like a cloud. She held her peace for that time.

And as the summer went on, burning Margaret's heart out with that long agony, a change came over her feelings towards Miss Durrant. Originally she had regarded her with none save those of dislike and fear. Now, she knew not why or when, she began to have a sort of pity for her.

Perhaps it was that the higher heart and nobler hope of this, the second agony of her life, was nurturing into more vigorous exertion, revealed to her more clearly how truly her fierce cousin was to be pitied. Perhaps, so mysterious is the affinity between our kindred human natures, her heart instinctively felt in its weary throbbing which might not cease, that, however differently it might have come, however differently it might have been endured, some such pain as its own had once been borne by her. With new eyes the girl watched the listless round of her daily life, realising with something like awe that this was a living human being without a single hope or aim. Without a single fear, also, she used to think, but she had gradually changed her mind about that since she had witnessed the sullen yielding to Cator, the strange sudden change that would come over her in her moments of wrathful pride. Gloomy, selfish, wrapped in a shroud of terrible recollection, she had appeared from the first; now it began to dawn upon her that that recollection was a fear.

CHAPTER X.

THUS, in mute oppression on one hand, in equally silent suffering on the other, the summer passed away. It glided by in a calm monotony which afforded no incident to break or distract the girl's sad thoughts. Even the strange nocturnal noises, which might have roused her, though it were only to the old terror, had ceased. Their memory even had been shut away by more real and recent cares.

It had been a cold, wet season, as far different from the sunny days of the year before as Margaret's chastened peace in that was to the dull wearing pain of this. Now, as fresh storms of wind ushered in the first days of October, her mind, exhausted by long suffering, yielded to their gloomy influence, and her thoughts turned once more to the unknown fearful mystery which enshrouded the ill-starred place, yet not with such terror as of old. Bowed down with sorrow, her mind had not yet full space for imaginative fears.

Nevertheless the old shudder crept over her when on one of these wild nights she heard again the sound of the mysterious footstep between the gusts of wind. As it reached her shrinking ears the sad tears, which had kept her wakeful till that hour, dried up in their sources. Up and down—along the corridor fell those steps, sometimes more quickly, as if urged on by despair; sometimes more slowly, as if from very weariness; sometimes ceasing altogether for a moment, then renewing the melancholy tramp. And Margaret desperately checked the impulse which led her to question whose they were, lest the response should augment the chilling fear that threatened to still the beating of her heart.

At last they drew nearer to her door; and, pausing, there came to Margaret's ears a sigh—a low-breathed, weary sigh, so bitter, so inexpressibly agonised that compassion for the being who uttered it might have conquered fear had it not been succeeded by a low-voiced unintelligible chattering, hideous and awe-inspiring as sentences spoken by those who sleep. The girl's blood ran cold with fear as the sounds receded from her door, and the wind came down and drowned them. When it died away they had ceased.

She listened with strained ears, but they did not come again; and she sprang up from her bed at last, and, unlocking her door, looked into the long passage without. As far as she could see however there was nothing there, and she turned back into her room with a revulsion of feeling, remembering, as she carefully secured the door, how strongly, Edward Durrant had protested against a belief in the supernatural—how earnestly he had desired that she should raise herself above such fears.

Thinking sadly how greatly and apparently unconquerable was her weakness, she pushed the heavy hair away from her aching forehead with a sigh almost as weary as that which she had heard, and was about to lie down again, when there came a languid wish to look out upon the quiet garden, lying in the moonlight. She was fond of doing so. Its peacefulness had often soothed her restless heart during those last months.

She crossed the room to the window and raised the blind, letting it fall again in a minute, in terror, for the moon, breaking from behind a cloud, shone full upon the same weird white figure she had seen more than a year ago on the river terrace. With a low cry of fear Margaret fell back into a corner of the wide window-seat, pressing her hands to her heart. And then, as Edward's words once more recurred to her, she bent forward and, moving one corner of the blind aside, looked forth again, hoping her eyes had deceived her. No; they had seen truly enough. There stood the tall White Lady in the brilliant moonlight, just where the tangled shrubs were parted by an open space of green sward.

Presently she began to pace to and fro, observing with strange care the mazes of the walks; and on Margaret, gazing with awestruck eyes, there came a sudden perception of the strong likeness she bore to Miss Durrant. Could it be she? The height, the proportions were the same; but then Margaret had never seen Miss Durrant walk with that swift, stately step, so different from the slow shambling gait she had witnessed day by day.

Was it or was it not she? Even as the girl debated the question in her mind the spectral form disappeared amidst the tall hedges of black yew. She watched and watched, chained to her post by the hope of perchance finding some solution of the mystery which might justify the words of one still so dear to her. But the minutes glided by and the White Lady did not reappear; and at last her terror of what she might see if she stayed there longer and her dislike of the cold, wintry moonlight overcame Margaret's watchfulness.

Still shuddering, and too frightened, as she thought, to sleep, she went back to bed, to wear, as best she might, through the remaining hours of darkness.

For a long time she lay awake, listening in terror through the wind for the footstep's dreary sound. But it came not; and, finally overpowered by fatigue, she fell into an uneasy slumber.

How long it lasted she never knew, but when it left her she woke up—with the sudden completeness with which one wakes, perhaps, half-a-dozen times in one's life—with her eyes wide open, her senses all about her.

She knew in some mysterious manner that there was another presence in the room, even before a low rustling reached her ears—even before she saw, while the blood curled in her veins with horror, that Miss Durrant (if indeed it were she) was standing at the foot of her bed, gazing at her with fixed, wide-open eyes.

Margaret could not scream, she could not faint; she lay there in a trance of fear, so spell-bound that she could move neither hand nor foot, while cold drops gathered on her brow.

Outside the wind bowled as with fury and moaned like one in pain, and she could see the shadows of the trees it was tormenting flung every now and then across the blind. But within the softened yet still bright light lay immovable, and, as silent as immovable, that tall white figure stood in the middle of the room. For she was clad in white, some loose white dressing-robe draping all her person as far as Margaret could see.

More thickly the perspiration started to the girl's face as she remembered how entirely alone she was in the dead of night, the stormy wind making noise enough to drown any cry she could raise—alone with this woman who had always seemed to be so dead to all human feelings and sympathies, so wrapped in gloomy mystery.

Then she thought, "How came she here?" flashed through her mind.

She had locked the door twice over that night.

Without turning her head she could see it was locked now.

Had she found her way in through that other door which Margaret could not then see, but which had always been kept fastened since she had known it?

Or had she died in the night, and was this her spirit, unable to find rest till it had discovered some means of disclosing after death the secret which had bowed her down in life?

The blood ebbed slowly and more slowly from Margaret's heart as the terrible thought occurred to her; and, with eyes wide with horror, she watched her appalling visitor during minutes that seemed lengthened into hours.

At length the tall figure raised its arms with the same wild, despairing motion she had seen down by the river a year before, and, joining them above its head with a heart-rending moaning cry, made a sudden movement towards the bed.

But that final and surpassing terror was too much for Margaret's remaining strength.

Worn-out and over-strained, her faculties gave way.

She remembered afterwards, and never without a shudder, making one desperate attempt to move and scream, but finding no ability for either.

Then the room, and the moonlight, and the horrible weird figure, wavered and faded before her eyes, and she fainted.

She must have lain long unconscious, for the early morning light, so unlike the chilling horror of the moonbeams, softly filled her room when she returned to life.

At first she only vaguely thought that something dreadful had happened to her; then, as it gradually dawned upon her, she nearly swooned again at the remembrance of that past terror.

Hurriedly her eyes searched the dark corners of the room, to make sure no awful thing was lurking there.

Thank Heaven, the growing light soon dissipated that anxiety; and, emboldened by it, she nerved herself sufficiently to examine the door which led she knew not whither—the door which had always been fastened since she came.

It was an ordinary chamber door; there was nothing in the least mysterious about its appearance.

It looked as it had always done; it resisted her efforts to open it as usual.

There was no clue towards the night's mystery to be gained from it, but Margaret was none the less forcibly persuaded that either Miss Durrant or her spirit had visited her room.

She looked out into the gardens, but there she could see nothing but there she could see nothing but the masses of trees and shrubs only half visible in the cold gray twilight of the dawn, and now further obscured by thickly falling rain.

It was not a reassuring prospect, and it was with a heavy depression at her heart and a shudder running through all her frame that Margaret once more took refuge in her bed, to await the hour of rising.

With the fascination of terror her mind dwelt upon every circumstance connected with the fearful visitation.

"What was it?" she asked herself ceaselessly.

"Was Miss Durrant even now lying dead?"

Once more the perspiration broke out on her forehead, and the bed beneath her shook with her trembling.

An impatient eagerness to have the question solved seized upon her.

She would go to Mrs. Cator at once, early though it was.

And she half rose up, and then fell back exhausted, afraid of the long passage that lay between her and human aid, remembering also Edward Durrant's words—

"There are no such things as ghosts.

"I cannot help you.

"But there is help."

Half soothed by that speech of his, half compelled by bodily weakness to be still, she fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed that she had been buried alive, and was struggling to tear off her coffin-lid; but her efforts were rendered unavailing by the opposition of cold sheeted ghosts, who hammered it on again, in spite of her frenzied appeals for mercy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pond Lilies.

BY PERCY VERE.

"MISS CLIFFORD—Lyle! I love you! Can you—will you marry me?"

The words were spoken abruptly—brokenly even.

Not at all in Earle North's usually smooth style.

Broken or not, they were very dear to Lyle Clifford, but for all that she didn't mean to yield too easily.

Besides, this arrant little coquette hadn't the remotest idea of giving up her freedom just yet, and settling down into dull married life, or even becoming engaged.

And then wouldn't it be splendid to tantalise the great handsome fellow a little—to hold back coyly just to see his gray eyes soften—and hear pleading words from those lips usually so set and stern.

For, of course, he was enough in love to do anything!

So the brown eyes drooped a trifle, and the little fingers toyed carelessly with the pretty black and gold fan as they sat on the rustic seat beneath the green boughs.

"Why, really, Mr. North, I never dreamed you cared for me in that way!

"I'm really sorry, but I couldn't think of marrying yet for ages.

"I hope we may be good friends, though."

This last was an afterthought added, when she saw a look she didn't more than half like flit over his otherwise impassive countenance.

All the passionate earnestness and eagerness had faded from his face now, and in their place an expression fully as careless and indifferent as her own.

"Certainly we may be friends.

"I'm sorry to have made such a mistake, and hope you'll pardon conduct and words which must have bored you immensely. Shall we join the others?"

Probably little Miss Lyle, accustomed all her days to a very different type of wooing, was never more astonished in her life.

Her pretty hat hid the face where vexation, disappointment, and pride struggled for the mastery.

There might have been a little sorrow too but then she wasn't going to be very sorry, for, of course, 'twouldn't be more than a day or two before she could bring him to her feet again.

Not more than a week at the farthest.

"Oh, Mr. North, where ever have you and Lyle been sentimentalizing?

"We've been wanting you to help about the swing; and you must, now, you're so nice and tall!"

If looks could have killed, then and there would Miss Beatrix Glenn have died; for the glance from Miss Clifford's eyes, sent forth by the first pang of jealousy she had ever known was sharp as the "two-edged sword."

Mr. North went "to help about the swing," and Miss Glenn made herself so useful, and was so entertaining in her small admiring way, that he apparently quite forgot the existence of such a person as Lyle Clifford, until the party were ready to return home.

Then, as he had been her escort to the picnic, he was in duty bound to take her home, which necessitated a drive of some three miles.

Mr. North was courteous and polite as ever.

Miss Clifford coldly civil.

Somehow she had begun to think that it might not be such a trifling affair to get him back, after all.

After coming to this conclusion, 'twas a vastly easy matter to convince herself that she was a very ill-used personage indeed.

She never did see such hateful things as men were in all her life!

But she guessed she could be just as hateful as any of them.

And such flirts, too!

She wondered if one of that horrid sex ever meant what he said.

She wondered, too, how such a man as Earle North could fancy such a person as Beatrix Glenn!

Such a silly little thing, too; for her part she always did detest very small people; and then all that nasty yellow hair hanging over her forehead!

How ridiculous!

Which was all very consistent, considering how Miss Clifford had trifled with an honest man's love that day.

Considering that she herself wasn't so very large—only five feet two—also that Miss Glenn's fluffy golden hair was framed not a bit more than Miss Clifford's own brown locks.

But all things earthly have an end in the course of human events, and so did that three miles' drive.

I think they separated with a . . . . . feeling of relief.

After that day Lyle did not see Mr. North for some time.

She must have taken cold at the picnic, for a severe headache the next day terminated in a disagreeable, though not dangerous, slow fever.

She was confined to the house for several weeks; but her merry, gossipy friends brought her all the news, and 'twas with a dull, heavy heartache that she learned of Mr. North's growing intimacy with Miss Glenn.

Somehow her brief illness, though the longest she had ever known, opened her eyes to the error of her ways, and she could see now where she had done worse than wrong in rejecting the love of such a man as Earle North.

She had hoped that he would call, or in some way manifest an interest in her illness; but, as the days went by and he made no sign, she gave up that hope.

And she couldn't blame him, when she recalled, with tingling cheeks, her more than foolish conduct.

She even kindlier thoughts towards Miss Glenn, though, if the truth must be told, still cherished no great affection for her. And, I think, we can hardly blame her, for what well-balanced girl of the nineteenth century can love a successful rival?

Lyle didn't seem to get strong very fast. Even after every trace of her disease had disappeared, she went about the house looking as pale and shadowy, and with such a pathetic look in the brown eyes as was very pitiful to see.

The lazy, hot days of June had ripened into the lazier, hotter days of July.

One day there came quite an urgent invitation for Lyle to join a large party of friends, who were to cross Bear Pond for water-lilies, spend the day on the other side, and row home by moonlight.

A grand, good time was expected, and Lyle was at last persuaded into the belief that she was better able to go than to stay moping at home.

It was pleasant, after all, to have every one so kind to her.

Even Earle North spread a large shawl across her seat, and Beatrix Glenn insisted that he should hold her own pink-lined parasol over the invalid.

Though she tried to appear grateful for their kind attentions, it cut her to the quick to see how Miss Glenn issued her commands in a pretty, imperative way, as though she had a perfect right, and expected to be obeyed.

Evidently, the two had a perfect understanding.

But I think—woman's happiness usually hinges on small things—that even Lyle would have been quite reconciled to her fate could she have known how becoming the pink-lined parasol was to her fair, creamy complexion; and could she have been conscious of the admiring, not to say tender, glances so frequently bestowed in her direction.

The party landed well-laden with those gems of nature, pond lilies.

Then each hurried off to assist in the general good time.

Miss Glenn joined the party of ladies who were to prepare the dinner; Mr. North helped build a fire; others put up a swing, and some tried their luck fishing.

It was unanimously voted that, in consideration of Miss Clifford's recent illness, she was to do nothing at all in particular, but in general was to make herself as charming and agreeable as possible.

So Lyle went down to the shore, where the trees grew tall and the underbrush dense, and seating herself, half-closed her eyes, and enjoyed quietly the pretty summer scene.

Presently she spied a cluster of pond lilies in a little black-looking cove just beyond.

They were much larger and more beautiful than any the party had as yet been able to obtain, and the desire to possess them became so strong that she began to look about for a stick long enough to reach them.

The handle of her parasol, with the hook on the end—just the thing!

If it were only long enough, she could get them easily, and then wouldn't she go back, and crow over the others for getting the very best without help!

'Twasn't quite long enough.

Too bad!

Now if she can only lean forward a little more the lilies are hers.

A happy thought strikes her.

That bush growing down so near the edge of the water is the very thing.

She can grasp that with one hand, and, leaning over, can "fish in" as many of the lilies with her parasol as she chooses.

This brilliant idea is carried into execution at once, and she is rewarded with the possession of as many as she can conveniently carry.

But there is one farther out—beautiful enough to be queen of them all.

She has tried for it two or three times and failed.

Perhaps the very difficulty makes her all the more covetous; any way, she means to get it.

It may be that her hands slipped; it may be that she forgot her usual caution, and

leaned forward too far—be that as it may, the first thing that our little Lyle knew—splash!

A smothered cry for help, and a quick crashing through the underbrush were almost simultaneous.

There was another splash, and in less time than it takes to write it, Earle North was emerging from the water with Miss Clifford in his arms, both dropping most unromantically.

"My poor little darling!" he is murmuring, and the pale face flames up into sudden scarlet at his passionate kisses.

No more is said then, but in two hours, after the inmates of the neighboring farmhouses have kindly furnished them dry clothing, they are down to the cove again, viewing that refractory lily which had so persistently refused to be captured.

That has been said by both which makes them more blissfully happy than—well, 'tis safe to say, more happy than at that other picnic time.

But something still troubles Miss Clifford just a little.

"What is it?" asks Mr. North, observant of the least trifle.

"What will Miss Glenn think?"

The brown eyes droop shyly.

"Miss Glenn will be overjoyed.

"She is to marry my brother in September, and already takes a great interest in the happiness of the whole family."

"But you never even inquired after me when I was ill!" and the scarlet lips take just the slightest suspicion of a pout.

"Didn't I?

"Ask Sam how many times I inquired of him, and how many times I bribed him not to tell."

"How did you happen to come so soon after I fell?"

"My precious little sweetheart," and he punctuated this with a kiss, "you haven't been out of my sight a moment this afternoon."

Lyle is satisfied, and asks no more questions.

Gray's Farm.

BY HERBERT GOUGH.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

SO little Nell doesn't love me any longer: but I can't believe it.

"That fellow has turned her with false words and deceitful tongue.

"I will watch over her as closely as possible so that no harm may come to her, and she'll come back to me in the end.

"She must, I feel sure she must.

"She will find out some day that I am loyal and true, and then the old love may come back, and I shall be happy again.

"Nell, my little Nell, you do not know what a blow this has been to me."

The strong man's frame is shaken with a great sob.

He looks steadily down at the grass at his feet, and does not attempt to raise his head.

In a minute or so the wicket-gate falls to, but the sound, even if it reaches him, fails to arouse him.

The fall of footsteps is heard crunching the gravel, and then, from out the foliage, emerges the figure of a man.

It is Captain Carr.

His figure is slight and slim, and lacks that athletic build which is characteristic of the young farmer.

There is a lazy indifference in his manner that suits well his general appearance.

He has the hair of an old man of society thoroughly bored and blase, but just waking up from apathy by the refreshing influence of the country, and its noval and charming adjuncts.

Grant looks up at last, before Carr has time to reach the porch.

He looks at him inquiringly and searchingly, with an angry scowl upon his face.

Perhaps there is a menace in the farmer's manner as he rises from the bench and walks towards the Captain.

There is determination and doggedness particularly noticeable.

This stays Carr from knocking at the door.

He asks in a slow lisping way:

"Do you know if Mr. Gray is home this evening?"

"Farmer Gray is gone to look after his hay."

"Then perhaps Miss Gray is at home?"

"Miss Gray is at home."

The tone is measured and slow, the manner anything but savoring of kindliness.

This puts Carr upon his guard, and makes him adopt a defensive attitude.

"I wish to see her," he remarks with emphasis, yet as nonchalantly as he can, and moves towards the house.

Grant is determined and stubborn, and now that Carr is alone with him he means to "have it out" with him, as he has told himself he will as soon as the opportunity offers.

He says as carelessly as he can in the present state of his mind:

"You can't really see her this evening."

Carr feels it best to keep his temper as long as he can, and appear as indifferent as possible, thing the two combined the best means he has at his disposal of exasperating Grant.

"I don't understand.

"Isn't she well?"

"Quite well.

"At least she was a few minutes ago."

"She will see me if she knows I am here."

"I don't wish her to know you are here."

"Then you wish to prevent my seeing her?"

Carr moves a step or two towards his opponent as he asks this question.

The other does not flinch, but faces him steadily, and with a slight sneer says:

"Yes; and I mean to do it."

The swords are crossed, and the fight is to begin in earnest now.

Carr has not been accustomed to be spoken to in this style, and he cannot quite understand it.

"By what right or authority do you act thus?" he asks.

"By the right of Miss Gray's accepted lover," Mark answers, drawing himself to his full height, and feeling proud of the position he claims.

Carr turns aside, not quite prepared for this declaration.

In a minute he laughs a mocking laugh, enough to taunt any man to whom it was directed against.

"Ah, I understand now — accepted lover!

"Rejected, you mean.

"You are the fellow she was supposed to be engaged to, but she wrote and gave you up."

Grant strives hard to suppress his temper, and keeps his hands close to his sides, for fear they may wander.

"She may have," he say; "but by whose advice, and whose dictation?

"Why, yours."

"You seem to assume a great deal.

"Your information cannot be reliable with regard to me."

"You saved Miss Gray's life; she is grateful to you for it—so is her father—so am I.

"But why not have been content with the gratitude you earned?

"Why not have left the poor child happy as she was before you crossed her path? Why not have kept yourself away from this place?

"There is nothing in a farmer's house like this to suit your taste—you who are accustomed to different society from ours."

Carr cannot stand this out-spoken language from the young farmer, whom he considers his inferior in every respect.

"I am not going to submit to a series of cross-questionings from you," he says indignantly, and with supreme contempt.

Grant is defiant now.

He has taken his ground, and will stand to it firmly.

"You have been, and you still are, deceiving Miss Gray," he says, rather enjoying the discomfiture of his enemy.

"I have noticed your manner towards her.

"I have seen you meet her often.

"You may depend I have looked after my promised wife.

"I have never spoken to her of this. I have trusted her without fear."

Carr can only sneer now, which he does admirably.

"She has given you up, I suppose?"

"She has," Grant says slowly, and adds with great contempt, "for you!

"But I don't accept her release.

"I consider myself bound to her still."

"But she doesn't consider herself bound to you."

Grant would like to take this man by the throat and hurt him out of the garden.

He has the strength to do it, and has great difficulty in restraining himself.

"What you mean to do you know well enough.

"You have made her like you—I cannot say love.

"You have filled her with hopes and promises you never mean to realize.

"You will amuse yourself till you are tired of the pastime.

"You will break her heart, and then trouble yourself no more than if you had broken a child's toy."

"You appear to know my motives even better than I know them myself."

Grant is regardless now of what he says.

"It is not easy for such men as you to disguise them; they show so very plainly."

"You are gifted with extremely fine perceptions."

The man of society thinks this kind of sarcasm will irritate and annoy his antagonist the yeoman.

He is mistaken.

Grant is honest and very straightforward.

He understands not subterfuge nor deceit.

He can only speak out plainly and unflinchingly the truth.

His weapons are not foils of finely and delicately-polished steel—to wit, sarcasm and repartee—but those of a different make broad and heavy swords, hitting hard and relentlessly with the plain unvarnished truth.

"It doesn't require particularly fine vision to see where honesty dwells, and where deception lurks."

Grant says this, and looks with meaning at Carr.

He flinches, and does not understand the plain speaking of the farmer.

Verily, Grant can hit hard when he likes, much harder than is pleasant for this man about town.

He attempts another sneer.

"I should think you were throwing away your talents in this quiet place."

Grant is roused beyond endurance.

"I daresay you, with your high culture and education, your blue blood, and military rank, can well afford to laugh and sneer at me.

"But remember we sons of the soil can boast privileges as great as yours, and can maintain them too, which is more than some of you can."

He makes a suggestive movement with his right arm, which does not look well for Carr, so the Captain moves a step or two away beyond Mark's reach.

"You are clever, I must confess," Carr sneers, when he is a convenient distance from Grant.

"You know well enough you do not mean to marry Miss Gray.

"You have not the slightest intention of doing so.

"What would your aristocratic relations say?"

"I decline to discuss anything of this with you."

"Then discuss it with Farmer Gray," Mark hisses out from between set teeth. "He knows nothing of this yet; nor does he, I believe, suspect anything.

"If I tell him he will be enraged beyond restraint."

Carr shrugs his shoulders contemptuously.

"His rage can do me no harm."

"He will be able to frustrate your intentions with regard to his daughter."

Carr is roused now.

He throws aside languor, and assumed or real indifference, and confronts Grant with determined mien.

"I don't care a straw what you say; it makes no difference to me.

"All you have been saying might have been taken for the ravings of a madman. I think you are a bit mad!"

"Very likely I am.

"I feel maddened."

Carr smiles languidly, and says—

"Calm yourself, my good fellow; calm yourself."

Grant strides up to him with clenched hands and set teeth.

"Do you think it fine to taunt me?"

"I never thought about it."

"Will you go away from the neighborhood now, and leave us?"

"Why should I, because you ask me to?"

"I have given you my reason before."

"No," says Carr decisively.

"I shall not until I choose.

"That is, until it is convenient for me to do so."

"Then will you promise never to see Miss Gray again—promise to keep out of her way?"

"Certainly not.

"I shall see her as often as I can; I am very pleased with Nellie.

"Nellie is a charming girl."

Grant cannot hear the woman he loves spoken of in this light, don't-care way, by such a man as Carr.

His anger is thoroughly aroused.

He rushes towards him as though he would fell him to the ground, but stops short, and with an effort keeps his hands off the Captain.

"For God's sake, take care how you speak of her!

"I warn you, if you speak of her lightly, I cannot keep my hands away from you; and if you do her injury, I, Mark Grant, farmer, will thrash you, Reginald Carr, Captain in her Majesty's army, as you shall remember to your dying day.

"I have a stout arm, and I never break my work."

He turns savagely upon his heel, and leaves Carr chafing at the threat he has held out to him.

Carr follows him, and with as much dignity as he can assume, considering his bewilderment, says:

"I am not going to be threatened in this way by a man like you; you forget your place!"

Mark smiles, and says with tantalizing coolness:

"No, you make me know it."

"If you talk of thrashing," says Carr, "the tables may be turned, and you might find yourself the recipient of a pretty severe castigation."

"You don't frighten me.

"And, now you know my intentions and the stand I take, don't you think you may as well go?"

Carr knows that he is worsted, and that he has no chance of seeing Nellie this evening.

Besides, he is not anxious for an encounter with the stout young farmer, in which he is very certain to be beaten, so he says:

"As I don't wish to make a scene, and you are evidently determined, I will defer seeing Miss Gray to-night, and will call again.

"I may come back later on when her father returns and you are gone.

"Then, I will say good-evening to you, and thank you for amusing me so very much."

He nods in a patronising way to Grant, and walks down the lawn to the railings that separate it from the field.

He vaults them easily, and lounges across the field in the direction of the meadows, but right away from the village.

CHAPTER V.

MARK GRANT watches Reginald Carr till he cannot see him any longer; then he seems to breathe freer.

"I could scarcely keep my hands off the scoundrel," he says to himself, with his arms folded across his chest, looking away over the field.

"I felt I could have killed him.

"And such men as he are considered fascinating.

"Men to be received into households, made much of, thought such excellent company and charming companions.

"And nine times out of ten they help to swell the cases of the Divorce Court."

He sighs heavily as he thinks of Nellie, and he goes towards the house as though to her, but checks himself, and falls into reverie again.

"Poor little Nell! she must know I love her so dearly, so dearly.

"I will not believe she cares for me no longer.

"I will not believe it.

"I will not."

He emphasises his latter remarks by bringing his foot heavily down upon the ground, and this seems to arouse him from his soliloquy, for he looks up in great astonishment to see a lady standing by him.

She is tall and elegant, and fashionably dressed.

Mark has no difficulty in recognising her as Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine, of the Grange. He is quite at a loss to account for her presence at Gray's Farm, and stands, with hat in hand, awaiting an explanation.

"Pardon me," she says, "I think this is Mr. Gray's house."

"It is," Mark says quietly.

"Is he at home?" Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine asks anxiously.

"No, he is not," Mark replies, wondering very much what this grand lady from the Grange can want with Farmer Gray.

"Her countenance falls, and she looks sadly disappointed and vexed.

"How unfortunate!" she remarks; "and I wanted to see him particularly."

"It may be some time before he returns," Mark says.

"Are you a friend of his?" she asks eagerly.

"I am," Mark replies quite proudly.

"A very great friend?" she further interrogates.

"A very great friend," he answers; "I couldn't be a greater."

"Then may I speak to you?" she asks, in a quick nervous voice.

"I am at your service," he answers, bowing gallantly to her.

"Will you not be seated?" he adds, as he places Farmer Gray's armchair at her disposal.

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine seats herself, seemingly relieved at the idea of being able to communicate her business.

"Has not Mr. Gray a daughter?" she commences by asking; "a daughter Nellie?"

Mark smiles, and draws himself proudly to his full height, and answers:

"Yes, and she is engaged to me."

"O, I am glad of this," she says; "you are the one I should see."

For a moment Mark is fearful of what this lady may have to communicate, and says rather nervously.

"I hope you have no bad news?"

"It is bad," she says decisively; "but I hope we can stay the evil.

"Listen to me, please."

There is great determination in her manner as she says this.

Mark draws a little nearer to the chair, all eagerness and attention.

"Perhaps you recognise me; perhaps you know I am Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine of the Grange.

"My brother is Captain Reginald Carr, and has been staying with me for some time past.

"He saved Miss Gray from some accident and by that means became acquainted with her."

"Yes, unfortunately so," says Mark, somewhat in an undertone.

"Unfortunately, do you say?" asks Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine.

"Yes, unfortunately," he says decisively.

"Unhappily I am obliged to echo your words.

"He no doubt found it quiet in the country, and for amusement has been playing with this poor girl's heart."

"He thinks it no harm," Mark says, with a sneer.

"I do not excuse him," Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine continues; "I cannot; I hold him up to severe censure. But this is not all."

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine does not seem in so great a hurry to impart news as she appeared to be when she first arrived, and Marks fears she is only dallying with him; when she makes this last remark, he bursts forth:

"Then tell me the rest, if you know it, for Heaven's sake!"

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine is a little afraid of the young farmer's vehemence, and shrinks back in the chair.

"He has arranged to take her away."

She says this slowly and deliberately.

Mark Grant is not greatly surprised at hearing this; yet, nevertheless, it comes in the shape of a shock to him.

He clutches the arm of the chair with a firm grip, and peers into the lady's face, as he asks eagerly, and almost breathlessly:

"How do you know this?"

She answers hurriedly:

"By some letter I discovered, and which I was dishonorable enough to read; but no matter, if I can only save this girl."

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine rises from the chair excitedly, and Mark Grant tries to allay her fears.

"Don't fear," he says; "she shall be saved.

"You are kind, very kind. I thank you so much."

She heaves a great sigh, a sigh of intense relief; she has confidence and faith in this sturdy young farmer.

"Then I am not too late," she says; "for

this evening is the time arranged for her flight."

She has delivered a shaft which has gone straight home to Mark Grant's heart.

Is it possible that if he come to this? Is it true that the girl has loved and trusted is no longer worthy a place in his esteem?

He staggers for a moment, like one wounded, then struggles to recover himself, and says, in a voice that one would scarcely know as his:

"Can it be possible?"

Now, Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine is at liberty to tell all; there is no need for any concealment, any subterfuge.

At heart she is not an unfeeling woman, and she sees the young fellow is suffering, and to spare him pain and anguish she is as anxious to rescue Nellie now as to save her brother from a *mesalliance*.

"She is to meet him by the bridge; they go to London by the last train, and he is to marry her there. But I need not tell you he has no intention of doing this; for he is engaged to marry, and it is published to the world, the Lady Beatrice Vereker."

Grant clenches his hands, and, between set teeth, mutters:

"The villian shall not escape me!"

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine is again alarmed at his vehemence; for she says, almost beseechingly:

"O, do him no harm: only frustrate this. Let it pass quietly over, and save a public scandal; it will be better for us all; and I will give you my word, as far as I am concerned, he shall never come in this neighborhood again."

"I scarcely know what I am doing. I feel choking," Grant says, as he turns aside to gulp down a great sob.

"All this is to be kept a secret from the father; he is to know nothing until she writes from London."

"And he must never know it; it would kill him, I believe."

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine is fearful yet; she moves uneasily; she does not quite like the part she has taken in this business, but she has done it to save her brother.

"You promise me you will see that this flight is prevented?" she says nervously to Grant.

"I will prevent it myself," he says determinedly.

"How?" she asks, still nervous and excited, and fearful that her name may be dragged into the matter.

"I shall see him, and tax him with it."

"He will wonder how you have gained your information."

"Don't fear," Grant says, perceiving the cause of her alarm; "I will not give up your name."

She can only mutter, "Thank you," in an undertone.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine, for this; you have been kinder to me than you will ever know," he says. "But I will repay you if I can, should it be years hence."

"Then I can do no more now; and I rely upon you to act as you think best."

"You may depend upon me," Grant says, with a slight smile playing about his mouth.

Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine now makes a sign of retiring and leaving the Farm, and she says:

"I left the pony-phaeton a little way from here; I was afraid of exciting suspicion by bringing it to the gate."

Grant places himself by her side and says:

"I will walk with you to it, if you will allow me."

Grant seems determined to accompany her, although she demurs.

He walks by her side towards the shrubbery that shields the path leading to the wicket-gate.

"You will be careful that Miss Gray does not leave without your knowing," she says, fearing greatly that Mark's absence will be of consequence.

He smiles at her, and, as he holds the gate for her to pass through, says, in a tone in which there is no mistaking the earnestness and decision:

"Miss Gray will not leave the Farm to-night; I will see to that."

And they pass out from the Farm together.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN REGINALD CARR comes slowly and stealthily up the home-field. He looks about cautiously in the gathering twilight to see that no one is cognizant of his approach; and when he reaches the railings that separate him from the lawn, it is a few minutes before he leaps them.

Having satisfied himself on the score of being unobserved, he leisurely walks up to the house, stands within the porch, and at the open door calls:

"Nellie, I am here; Nellie, I am waiting."

He has not to wait long, for a response from Nellie herself answers his call.

She is a little agitated and nervous as she steps out into the air with the Captain's arm about her waist.

"O Reginald," she says, "I did not expect you so soon. Is Mark gone?" and she looks about timidly. "Have you seen him?"

"I have, and he is not at all pleasant to meet."

"Does he suspect anything?" she asks, almost breathlessly.

Carr assumes a manner of indifference which it is easy to see does not sit naturally on him at the moment.

"I dare say he does," he says; "but you can't learn much from him."

She disengages herself from the arm of Carr, and says, with the tears almost in her eyes:

"I am so sorry I have been unkind to him; he loves me so much; he takes such care of me, and I am very fond of him."

But the tempter is at hand; he cannot brook this display of repentance; he must not allow it to gain ground; it must be crushed out at once.

"He doesn't love you as I do."

"I have been crying a great deal since I left him; I was angry with him, and he is never angry with me."

"You will soon get over that," Carr says, as he approaches Nellie and lays his hand tenderly on her arm.

"Poor Mark! poor Mark!" she almost wails. "I believe this will break his heart."

His arm steals round her waist, and his lips touch lightly her forehead, as he says:

"Men's hearts never break."

"Hearts like his do," she says, striving her uttermost to keep back the tears that will rise to her eyes.

"It's a mistake," the man says, smiling, and holding her in a firm and close embrace.

"I don't think I can leave father and Mark now," Nellie says, the tears streaming from her eyes.

"O, why not let me tell them all?" she asks, in a tone of great beseeching.

Carr answers somewhat abruptly, as though annoyed and irritated at the question:

"There are many reasons, I have told you before."

Just at this moment a voice is heard breaking the silence around, singing snatches of a song, and the heavy thud of a footfall is perfectly audible. Nellie tears herself from the arms of Reginald Carr, frightened like a little timid bird, and says:

"Hush! I hear Mark singing; he is coming here again. O, let me go; he must not see me here with you."

The Captain is in no hurry to part from her, for he detains her hand as he says:

"Stay one minute."

But she breaks away from him with a decisive, "No, it is Mark," and is within the house before Carr has scarcely time to realize that she is gone.

Mark Grant comes along the gravel pathway from the shrubbery, and does not exhibit the least surprise at seeing Reginald Carr at the Farm.

"So you have come back, Captain Carr," he says, with a smile breaking over his face.

"Yes, and I see you have come back too," Carr says, with an attempt at supreme indifference.

"If you are in no hurry, perhaps you will give me time to say a few words to you."

"I am in no hurry for a few minutes," the other replies, feeling by no means at his ease.

Grant has the game in his hands now, and we shall see how he plays it.

"I wish to ask you a few straight-forward questions," he says, inwardly delighted at the position he is able to take.

Carr is getting a little enraged at the firm stand and quiet indifference the young farmer adopts, though he does all he can to keep down his temper. The moment has not come for him to display it yet.

"You can ask me as many as you like," he says; "but I don't engage myself to answer them."

"That is as you choose," Grant says, with great coolness and carelessness.

"I suppose I may mention that I am at a loss to know the reason why I am to submit to a cross-examination from you."

"You shall not be long in doubt."

"I am anxious to be enlightened."

"In the first place, then, when do you intend leaving this neighborhood?"

Carr turns savagely on his heel, as he mutters:

"When I choose."

Grant does not stir from the spot he is standing on, but says:

"So you say now; but in a few minutes I think you will admit that it is when I choose."

Carr turns and confronts Grant.

"Indeed!

"I can't see what influence you can have upon my actions."

"More than you think," Grant answers quietly.

"If I were meeting you anywhere than at a friend's house, I would chastise you for daring to insult me."

Carr comes up to Grant's side, and glares at him like a wild beast waiting to spring on its prey.

Mark is not one bit cowed; he does not wince, but, in a voice that sounds somewhat harsh and strange, says:

"If you don't take care, I will chastise you, regardless of where we are, regardless of any feeling but of meting out justice to a scoundrel."

"Strong words to use to me. I advise you to take care and not provoke me."

Grant is heedless of what this man says to him; he can scarcely forbear laying his hands on him.

"You intend leaving here to-night for London. It is my determination that you shall carry out your intention.

"You also intend to take Miss Gray with you; but it is my determination that you shall not take her."

"You must have put yourself to a great amount of trouble to make yourself cognizant of my movements."

The men's voices have been raised in anger, and they have been heard by Nellie Gray. She has come softly and quietly into the porch, where she now stands, surrounded by roses and honeysuckles and jasmines, perfectly able to hear everything that the two men say.

Grant smiles calmly as he moves away from Carr.

"No trouble at all," he says.

"I knew you were a scoundrel, and I was determined to expose you."

"Expose me! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," says Grant, with increasing rage.

"You have succeeded in deceiving Miss Gray. She trusts you; but you mean to work her ruin. You mean this very night to take her to London with you, with the promise of marrying her there, but this you have no intention of carrying out.

"Why do you not, like a man, go straight to her father, and say you love her, and claim her as yours before all the world? Because you dare not. What would your sister, Mrs. Vyner-Dalmaine of the Grange, say, and her proud aristocratic husband? What would the world at large say? Why, nothing to you, though lots about you. The fashionable world would shut its gates on you: you would be debarred entrance for marrying beneath you."

Carr moves uneasily.

"This is very fine language," he says.

Grant continues:

"You amuse yourself playing false with the affections of a true and warm-hearted girl, because you have nothing else to do; it is nothing new to you, only a pleasant way of passing time."

Carr is aroused at last to something like frenzy, and calls out in a voice choking with rage:

"Suppose I give all this the lie?"

"Then I should give the lie back to you," says Grant, not moving a muscle.

"Do you mean to marry Nellie Gray? I ask you plainly. You hesitate. You don't mean to break your engagement with the Lady Beatrice Vereker!"

The girl who stands in the porch stretches out a hand and clutches convulsively a piece of the trellis-work that supports the clinging flowers, and her head sinks down upon her arm.

Carr starts as though a bombshell had burst near him, and says, scarcely above his breath:

"What—what do you say?"

"It is known to the world that you are engaged to her—I mean the Lady Beatrice Vereker.

"Perhaps it would not be pleasant for her to know how you amuse yourself when you are away from her."

"How have you learned this?" asks Carr savagely, scarcely able to keep down his wrath.

"No matter; I have been well informed."

Carr advances doggedly till he stands glaring at Grant, within a step of him.

"Give up the name of your informer," he demands, in a voice over which he has no control.

"Certainly not; I never will," says Grant quietly.

Carr gives a spring like a wild animal and fastens his fingers upon Grant's throat, as he hisses out:

"Then I will make you!"

Grant lays hold of him by the collar of the coat and lifts him away from him as though he were a child, as he says smilingly:

"You may try, but you won't succeed."

For a moment Nellie is frightened, but only for a moment; then she comes hurriedly forward, and steps between the two men.

Both are astonished at seeing her; each falls back instinctively. At a glance Nellie reads the look on Mark's face, which is one of pity and sorrow for her. She looks at him gratefully, lovingly, and says:

"Don't trouble, Mark; I have heard all; I don't wish to hear any more."

Mark is grieved that she should be made unhappy, and should learn the truth in so abrupt and plain a manner; there is great pity in his voice as he says:

"I did it all for the best."

Nellie now knows the full worth of the man she has so nearly lost by her own folly. She turns to him with all the love she bears him speaking in her voice; there is a depth of tenderness, of gladness, of trust, that leaves no doubt as to its genuineness.

"Thank you, Mark; thank you!" is all she says, but he knows quite well how much is expressed by the few words.

Steadily she faces Captain Carr, who has fallen back some steps.

"Captain Carr, go away, please; go to London as your intention is, but without me. Never let me see you again; I will try hard to forget the time I have known you. I have been very foolish, very foolish—but I can ask forgiveness."

She turns to Mark, looks at him appealingly, and piteously says:

"Mark, I know you will grant it me."

The tears flow freely, the voice is choked with sobs.

"O Mark, take me back to you, and let me be to you as I used to be. All my life shall be spent in trying to make you happy, and atoning for the wrong I have done you."

Mark holds her in his arms and imprints a long kiss on her forehead, as he whispers to her:

"God bless you, Nell, my little Nell!"

Not one of them has noticed Farmer Gray come upon the scene, and his cheery welcome to Captain Carr breaks upon them surprisingly.

"Ah, how are you this evening, Captain Carr? Glad to see you," he says, grasping firmly the Captain's hand.

Nellie is in great alarm; she fears her father will now know all; and this she cannot bear. He has such trust and faith in her, that to know she was guilty of deceiving him, and wronging Mark, would be like a death-blow to him. She clings to Mark, and says:

"O, now father will know all; and he will despise and hate me."

Mark takes her hand, and quiets her.

"Trust to me, Nell, and he shall know nothing: trust to me."

Farmer Gray and Captain Carr talk pleasantly and gaily together.

"You've come to have a pipe with me, and a bit of supper with me," the former says; "I am glad to see you."

Mark overhears this, and takes upon himself to answer for the Captain.

"Captain Carr has come to say good-bye to you; he is unexpectedly called away to London to-night, but would not leave without seeing you first. It is very kind of him."

In this last remark there is a great deal of sarcasm.

"It's downright kind," says the farmer: "I hope you have heard no bad news."

"No, thanks, not bad," Carr says hesitatingly, feeling he is brought to bay at last.

"But news that hurries him away," says Grant; "and I would suggest to him that time is getting on, and if he has other business to attend to before he leaves here, he had better see to it, or he will miss the train."

Carr assumes what nonchalance he can, and says:

"I think I had better be off, then."

Grant looks at him meaningly as he says: "I think you had."

Farmer Gray will persist in accompanying the Captain to the wicket-gate, and Nellie and Mark are left together on the lawn. The stars are peeping out one by one, and the moon is rising, and everything is quiet and at peace; all the farm life is still at this hour; the air is balmy with the odors of flowers; and altogether the night is exquisitely fair. Nellie rests her head on Mark's shoulder, and his arm holds her firmly clasped to him. When her father and Captain Carr are hidden by the shrubbery from view, she breathes a deep sigh of relief, and says:

"Saved, Mark, saved—and by you!"

"It's all over now, Nell; you have nothing to fear. Can you trust me for the future, child?"

"I have never doubted you; I have been cruel and wrong to you; can you forgive me?"

"I can—I have. If you love me as much as I love you, I shall forget this altogether."

"I do love you, Mark, believe me, with my whole heart and soul. I have been dazzled, but nothing more; I see now quite clearly, and, O Mark, all I ask is your forgiveness; and in the future you will never have cause to complain of me."

"You are my own little Nell once again."

"And will be yours till you grow tired of me."

"Can you trust me?"

"Trust you! Need you ask? Have you not proved how loyal and true you are?"

"Loyal and true I say, little Nell, to the world's end: loyal and true."

And these two look round them at the brilliant night, and both are passing happy.

The moon and stars shine down a lustre that may be indicative of the brightness of their path through life.

The curtain slowly descends and shuts the picture from our view.

[THE END.]

THE CLOVE TREE.—The Clove tree is one of the Myrtle family of plants. The tree attains a height of some forty feet, and in its native island lives to an age of from one hundred to two hundred years. The Clove tree is now cultivated on many of the islands of the Indian Ocean, but it nowhere grows so large or lives so long as on the small group of islands where it was originally found. It has a trunk quite straight, with a light, olive-colored bark, and at about half its height the branches put out almost at right angles, and bear a heavy mass of foliage; the leaves are narrow and resemble those of the Laurel. The general appearance of the tree is quite formal, being that of almost a perfect cone, supported by a straight stem.

The trees in the plantations are set in regular rows, from ten to fifteen feet apart each way. The flowers are formed in terminal clusters of a dozen or more. The flower buds are picked when fully formed and before they open, and are spread out thinly in the shade and dried without allowing rain to fall on them. They are dried partly by the natural heat of the air and partly by wood fires. When first picked they are of a reddish color, but turn brown in drying.

The fruit is a berry, and this is gathered while green and dried; the fruit is then known as Mother Clover and is sent to some extent to this country and Europe, but it is principally used in China and other eastern countries.

The ripe fruit in size and shape resembles a small olive, and is of a hard red color and contains one or two seeds. It has the Clove flavor in a mild degree, as have also the bark, the wood and the leaves, none of them however, being equal to the buds in respect. There is no prospect that this tree will ever be cultivated more generally than at the present time, or, at least than its cultivation will be extended to other parts of the world, since it demands climatic conditions only to be found in the region of its home.

CHINESE MEDICINE.—The Chinese have some queer medicines, as this, for instance, known as the five poisons: Dried snakes, pulverized, 1 oz.; wasps and their nests, ½ oz.; centipedes, 3 oz.; scorpions, 6 oz., and toads, 10 oz. These choice ingredients are ground into powder, mixed up with honey, and made into pills.

SULPHUR.—It is said that inhaling the fumes of sulphur will cure catarrh.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 3, 1892.

NOW IS THE TIME TO
RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

The original Oil-Painting of which our Premium is an exact copy sold for $15,000, and to-day graces the walls of the finest private gallery in America. It is printed on the best and heaviest paper, and covers more than five hundred square inches. It contains twenty-seven colors, which with the variety of shading produced by the Photo-Oleograph process, make it a veritable transcript from life, and it combines in itself all the beautiful coloring of the oil painting, the clearness of outline of the steel engraving, with the naturalness of the photograph. The most delicate details of color and expression are brought out with startling vividness, and only on the closest examination is the mind satisfied that it is not a photograph colored by hand.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

A record of sixty years of continuous publication proves its worth and popularity. THE POST has never missed an issue. Its Fiction is of the highest order—the best original Stories, Sketches and Narratives of day. It is perfectly free from the degrading and polluting trash which characterizes many other so-called literary and family papers. It gives more for the money, and of a better class, than any other publication in the world. Each volume contains, in addition to its well-edited departments, twenty-five first-class Serials, by the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred Short Stories. Every number is replete with useful information and Amusement, comprising Tales, Adventures, Sketches, Biography, Anecdotes, Statistics, Facts, Recipes, Hints, Cautions, Poetry, Science, Art, Philosophy, Manners, Customs, Proverbs, Problems, Experiments, Personals, News, Wit and Humor, Historical Essays, Remarkable Events, New Inventions, Curious Ceremonies, Recent Discoveries, and a complete report of all the latest Fashions, as well as all the novelties in Needlework, and fullest and freshest information relating to all matters of personal and home adornment, and domestic matters. To the people everywhere it will prove one of the best, most instructive, reliable and moral papers that has ever entered their homes.

TERMS:
$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,
Including a Copy of the beautiful Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE."

CLUBS.

2 copies one year (and "Presenting the Bride" to each)	$ 3 50
3 copies one year " "	5 00
4 copies one year " "	6 00
5 copies one year " "	8 50
10 copies one year " "	15 00
20 copies one year " "	28 00

☞ An extra copy of the Paper and Oleograph free to a person sending a club of five or more.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Five Three-Cent Stamps Must be added to each subscription, to pay postage and packing on the picture.

The Premium cannot be purchased by itself; it can only be obtained in connection with THE POST. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. Where a second premium is desired, another subscription will have to be sent.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low that if the matter is properly explained, even few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of five or more gets not only the Premium Oleograph, "PRESENTING THE BRIDE," free for his trouble, but a copy of the paper also.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscriber desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address in you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
(Box 8.) 720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

"The first point of courtesy," says Emerson, "must always be truth, as really all forms of good breeding point that way." But, in spite of this, there is a very general idea abroad in the world that politeness and sincerity are quite incompatible. Many sensible people seem to consider politeness only another name for humbug—simply a veneer of soft speeches and specious manners, to conceal the rudeness which it overlies. And so honest men and women, in their anxiety to steer clear of the Scylla of humbug, often fall into the Charybdis of surly ungraciousness, and instead of trying to please others and to obtain their good opinion, they prefer to boast of their independence, and to cry with the Miller of Dee, "I care for nobody—no, not I." But, like the miller, they get their due—nobody cares for them.

Others go farther still, and pride themselves upon being "plain people who speak their mind." Persons of this class will go out of their way to avoid paying a compliment. They find a pleasure in making a rude retort—and, in fact, the more disagreeable they can make themselves the better they are pleased. At the appearance of such plain-spoken persons you will perceive the rest of the company put up their bristles like a porcupine at the approach of a foe, in order to shelter themselves from the attacks of the former. In their zeal for what they call the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—always a favorite quotation in the mouths of such unmitigated nuisances. Your plain-spoken persons will volunteer remarks on subjects with which they are totally unacquainted as readily and freely as those about which they chance to know something. The consequence is that in a short time they make themselves so hatefully obnoxious, that they are eschewed by the majority of their fellow men.

We do not mean to insinuate, however, that a word spoken in due season may not be productive of great good—nay, that to speak such a word is not often the greatest kindness one friend could confer upon another, nor that plain-spoken people, as we have called them, do not sometimes speak wholesome truths. But the objection is, that they speak the word out of season, and by so doing bring honesty itself into disrepute.

To prove that true politeness and perfect sincerity may exist together in complete harmony, we have only to study the character of a little child. Notice its genuine good breeding, embracing an ease and gracefulness of manner, a simple courtesy, and an artless innocence! In this one thing let us become like little children. Let us cultivate their simplicity of character, their honesty and frankness, and blend with these that perception of the feelings of others which comes to us through experience and education. United, these will find their outward expression in a sincere, heartfelt courtesy towards all. It is only in this way that we can convert the precincts of our homes into a Palace of Truth void of all offence, and make our social life approximate that Utopian happiness of which poets in every age have so often dreamed.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A GERMAN statistician says that cigars are driving out the old-fashioned pipes. During the past year there were consumed in the German customs union 5,939,140,000 cigars, weighing 37,565 tons. "Only" 86,570 tons of smoking tobacco were used.

—

A PHYSICIAN, writing in the *Sanitarian*, expresses the opinion that a man who dies of drinking to excess, eating to excess, or of licentiousness, is just as much a suicide as if he threw himself into the water and was drowned. This is, perhaps, true; yet few people live perfectly within the laws of health. Are all who die, therefore, suicides?

—

IT is now proposed to use the enormous water power of the Alps for working electrical railways in Switzerland. Operations are said to be now in progress to connect the towns of St. Moritz and Pontresina by an electric railway four and three-quarters miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams. Should the experiment succeed, the undertakers of the railway will extend it to the north for a distance of some forty-seven miles, and in a southerly direction for about thirty miles, and thus effect a second junction between the Swiss and Italian railways.

—

THOSE arithmetical German savans who have the time and taste for such figures, now calculate that the total population of the world—1,443,000,000 souls—may be thus classified, according to religious creeds: 212 million Catholics, 124 million Protestants, 84 million Schismatics, 7 million Israelites, 200 million Mohametans, 168 million Brahmists, 423 million Buddhists; and 230 million Pagans.

—

To give an idea of the scarcity of clergymen in cities during the summer, the *Christian Advocate* says that a certain clergyman, hearing that it was almost impossible to secure a minister for a funeral, resolved to stay in town one year. He gave notice to the several pastors in his neighborhood that he could be called on for such services, and in three months he officiated at ninety-three burials.

—

No English fortunes have ever been acquired in England equal to those of Stewart and Vanderbilt. The largest personality was that of Mr. Brassey, the great railroad contractor, $80,000,000. The next largest was that of Mr. Morrison, dry goods, $20,000,000, with real estate equal to some $2,500,000 more. The Duke of Westminster's realty can fall little short of $100,000,000 but his father only left $4,000,000 personality, and this included a famous collection of pictures.

—

SOME of our industrious girls make changes of costume rivaling in rapidity the feats of actresses on the stage, says a Long Branch correspondent of a Boston paper. In a single forenoon I saw the same frivolous creature wear four beautiful dresses. One of embroidered pongee, a second of ecru batiste, trimmed with white embroidery and Valenciennes lace; a third of white Ottoman silk and brocade, profusely ornamented with Mechlin lace, and fitting to perfection; and a fourth of blue surah, with flounces of the same half hidden under the white lace flounces. She wore each only about an hour. The reason for shifting was that, being about to go away, she wished to complete the exhibition of her wardrobe before departure. Her time table of apparel had been disordered by an unexpected brevity of her stay.

—

THERE are numerous conceptions of pleasure or comfort. Most people find, with or without experience, that the real comforts of life are had at home. For there the devoted wife is the presiding deity; there the children prattle and play; there the young girl approximates and reaches womanhood; within its sacred precincts youth puts on the responsibilities of manhood; there are the reunions of hearts, hopes and prayers; there can be found real rest, there is the peace and affection typical of the better life; the germinating and binding together of hearts, minds and souls in a bond as strong as a chain and as lovely as a wreath of beauteous flowers; there the memories that glow and exist with life itself; there the influences that strengthen, bless and guide in after years, whatever we do, and wherever our footsteps roam.

—

NOBODY appears to have noticed one effect of the eletric light—it is going to make brunettes fashionable again. The white glare is, in a color sense, death to the blonde. The pinkest of them take on little shadows under the eyes, and purple tints come into the lips, and their cheeks get ashen. We refer now to the natural blonde. The effect upon the artificial bleacher is simply cadaverous. But the brunette sparkles under it like the evening star. What a dreadful state of existence the dear enameled will lead when they can neither go out by day or by night! It is generally known that the hot sun heats the face of enameled women—gets so hot, in fact, as to blister the flesh underneath, which would split the artificial covering. If, then, the electric light shuts them in at night also, they might as well be enameled all through in the old Egyptian style, and put into a sarcophagus.

—

DR. OUTTEN, a German physician, has applied the laws of physiology to the matter of sleeping, and announces a satisfactory solution of it all. If a person lies down on a railroad train with his feet toward the engine, the movement of the train tends to draw the blood from the brain to the feet, cerebral anæmia is produced, then sleep. If, on the other hand, the person lies with his head nearer the locomotive (as is the custom in Germany), the movement of the train produces a cerebral hyperæmia incompatible with sweet repose. Dr. Outten has verified his view with many experiments. His directions are hardly needed in America, where the berths of sleeping-cars are generally made up so that the position is as indicated by physiology and our German friend. In this connection, however, we would say that many persons are unaware of the fact that additional comfort and better sleep in traveling can often be obtained by judiciously using the bromides.

—

A MULTITUDE of people delight in retailing the minutiæ of crime, but yawn or sleep when the good acts of men are spoken of. This constant repetition of the vices of the world and a failure to recognize the virtues, lead people to believe that Christianity and civilization are partial failures. This is a great mistake. No people of the world's history has been so crowded as this with the multitudes of blessings flowing directly from the sources of Bible Christianity. Every nation under the sun is feeling more or less of this beneficent influence. The most enthusiastic do not believe the millenium is at hand, but they can see enough in the enlarged fellowship, the spread of intelligence, and the multitudinous means to protect the poor and weak, and helpless, to feel assured that society is advancing, and not retrograding. We repeat, the results of Christian labor never shined with more lustre, and the believers in the divine teachings never had larger reasons for earnest work than in these closing years of the nineteenth century.

—

ONE hundred years ago the law of finding was declared by the King's Bench in a case in which the facts were these: A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be delivered to the owner. After three years, during which time the owner did not call for the property, the finder demanded the wallet and money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them up, on the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held as above stated, that against all the world but the owner the finder has a perfect title. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the finder. They have no power in the absence of a special statute to keep the articles against the finder any more than the finder has to retain the article against the owner.

—

IT is said that not less than half a million alligators were killed last year to meet the growing demand for alligator leather, a demand which has sprung up mainly during the past four or five years. Thus, what used to be a pest, has been turned into a public benefit, so great that it is proposed to enact laws for the protection of alligators during certain seasons, and when they are young. Most of the alligator skins come from Florida and the other Gulf States. The best skins are from alligators about six feet long. A manufacturer says that there is as much difference between a six-foot skin and an eighteen-foot skin as between a calfskin and an ox hide. The skins are first packed in lime, to remove the heavy scales, and afterwards tanned much as ordinary leather is. The beauty of the leather comes from its scale-marks. There are no two skins marked alike, and it follows that no two articles made of the leather can be alike. The natural color of the leather is attractive, aside from the beauty of the markings. It finishes soft and flexible. It is conceded that Americans tan and finish in a manner superior to the best workmanship of the old country. While the beauty of alligator leather is its chief merit, its durability is of scarcely less importance.

A SUMMER SONG.

The bees among the clover
  Went humming in and out;
The butterflies on sunny wings
  Trooped listlessly about;
The stream a song was singing
  That lulled the dreaming flowers,
And my heart itself was dreaming
  To the song of happy hours.

I saw the hills above me,
  The breezy hills of Weir,
The Ferny Farm that nestled
  Where the stream grows broad and clear.
The lights and shades went racing
  Across the fields of rye,
As the hope and fear that tremble
  When Love himself is nigh.

I call to mind the fancies
  So idle yet so dear,
That fluttered round my heart, sweet,
  When you yourself drew near,
A sunbeam on the meadows,
  A lily on the stream,
A sweet reality—and yet
  The image of a dream.

Time has not changed the fancies
  Of that remembered hour,
Whose bud of bliss has blossomed
  To true and perfect flower,
And fortune grant the way, love,
  Our happy footsteps tend,
Be sunny as the past, love,
  And sunny to the end.

Bitter-Sweet.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

A SYMPHONY of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly-built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom.

Into the woodland from far below came a murmur of waves trailing on a shingly beach, and mingling with this murmur, the talk and laughter of the fishermen mellowed by distance.

Right down through the sloping woodland a brooklet leaped tinkling and gurgling to the sea.

The dim fragrance and dappled lights and pleasant sounds of the day made a threefold joy to a young girl who stood beneath the trees in the April noon.

She stood on a part of the slope whence the trees had drawn back a little, and the light fell about her just beyond the verge of the shadow.

Round her feet were dead leaves and living flowers, and soft green mosses full of the sweet rain that had fallen all the previous night.

With one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to tend back a branch which had barred the open space. Her hair was blown in a brown cloud about her face, and her hazel eyes shone with a serious joy beneath the shading hand.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body, when alone with nature in spring, after a long illness.

To this full content of hers, all the long hours of fevered tossing to and fro, followed by tedious weeks of convalescence, were but a background.

And now into her loneliness there came another human presence—a young man, carelessly whistling, treading gaily over moss and flower till he reached the rivulet and paused on the farther side, looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft grey gown, crowned by the brown hair and wistful face.

Just one moment, and he turned off a little higher up and sprang across the stream. Only one look, and there might have been no second; their lives might have glided apart for ever, but for an accident—or what we call accident; which is really a strong link in many a chain of life.

As his foot touched the bank he slipped on the damp earth, spraining his ankle in the fall.

He drew himself into a sitting posture and leaned against a tree, faint with pain. The young girl came quickly towards him.

"I will run and get help," she said, and meeting his grateful eye for a moment, went quickly along the path that led towards Cloverleigh, the village where she and her father were staying.

At a turning, she met a tall scholarly-looking man.

"I was looking for you, Margaret. Are you wise to go bareheaded, my child?" he said anxiously.

"My hat fell into the brook, and it is so mild. But, oh! papa, there is a gentleman hurt down there. He has sprained his ankle and cannot walk." And she waved her hand towards the woods below.

They found him faint and white; but he made light of his suffering as they helped him through the fringe of apple and pear trees to his lodging in Cloverleigh.

* * * * * * *

Most of our lives are Bitter-Sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and the sweet are superlative, it is when Love takes possession of soul and body as instruments whereon to play his mighty preludes.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving but his daughter and his books, and so her life was full of associations but not of friends.

None of the bloom had been worn off her soul by that playing at love called flirtation. She had read, with a certain solemnity, some old books wherein mention was made of men who had died and done other things for love; and she may have had dreams on the subject, but filmy and shifting as dreams generally are.

Her father had taught her Greek, and so "she chanced upon the poets," and their thoughts had given flavor to her own.

Some time before this had come illness; it had seemed at one moment as if she must cross the narrow bound of Time into the wide spaces of Eternity: but slowly death had let go his hold, and she was well enough now to enjoy the change to the quaint Devonshire fishing village, perched in the rift of a headland among ancestral trees and bowers of ash and apple and pear.

It is unique, this village, with its hundred steps leading down to the quay and the shingly shore. The houses rise one above the other, and the quaint rooms in them are let in summer to visitors with good walking powers.

Its only inn is a temple of bric-a-brac, and, in summer, is crowded with pilgrims visiting at one of the shrines of nature.

In this sequestered solitude, the father and daughter and Dr. John Enderby were at present the only strangers, and the young doctor, after two or three days, limped into Margaret's sunlit sitting-room, into which the light filtered through a network of budding apple boughs.

Here he would sit and watch Margaret at work, or listen to her as she read some old-world book to her father, her fresh young voice contrasting with the oft-times crabbed style; and, as he thus watched her, she grew inexpressibly pleasant to him. Pleasant, and that was all.

But to Margaret? Without one word of warning, had come the crowning affection of her life.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," then fades away. But once more it lies about man and woman in the mellow time of youth with a beauty that baby eyes never yet beheld; and earth borrows of this heavenly light.

Did ever such sunlight pass through the rosy film of the apple blossoms that nestled against the wall and made a bower before Margaret's window? And as for the blue bay gleaming below,—was it really so cruel after all? Did so many husbands and fathers and sons lie tossing in its depths? It looked so caressing, washing the feet of the red cliffs where the greenery crept down to meet it.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-screened room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, now fully leafed, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones.

On fine evenings the three would sit on the little semi-circular pier that enclosed the "quay pule," and watch the sunset fading and the darkness nestling down among the wooded headlands, and the great evening star suddenly appearing in the blue above the paling primrose that touched the water.

After that the sky would swiftly fill with stars, and the moon would spring into the airy silence, and her light would penetrate sky and sea and cliff-hung village, the lights would appear one by one in the windows above, and they would climb homeward.

All this fed the warm friendliness he felt for her, which is often mistaken for love. The fragrance of her life filled his imagination, and he determined to make her his wife.

But of that delicious agony, that glorious fear that makes pallid the face of the lover, the void in the life that must be filled by the presence of a beloved woman—what did he know? Nothing.

His nature was as yet cold, hers was all aglow. She was one of those women, passionate, yet sweet and pure, with sensitive bodies that quiver with pain at any strong emotion.

If she had never seen him again, it is improbable that she would ever have cared for another; perhaps she would have waited in eternity for the sequence of that first glance of his.

They lingered on till the honeysuckle wooed the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a moment when the two being alone in the woodland path overhanging the sea, John asked Margaret to be his wife.

It was the sweetest time of the afternoon, just before sunset, when the day has lost its weariness and the sky is calm, and the sunshine is dimmed by a soft haze.

Mr. Townsend had left them in order to write a letter which he had forgotten, and the others had sauntered towards the village in dreamy silence.

Then she became aware that he was asking her to be his wife, telling her that she was the sweetest woman he had ever seen. Whence then her sudden shrinking from him, as in fear?

"I am not good enough," she cried. She was afraid of her joy, for she was a timid woman, but in the midst of his wooing he was vexed at her humility, not understanding it, for he was only offering her a scanty armful of first-fruits, and she was returning him the full harvest of her soul, though she did not know its value.

He drew her to him and kissed the brown head and laid it on his breast. She began to cry—she had been so greedy of joy lately, and here was its perfection!

And he?—well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. This girl, with her simple dress and manner, and her serious brown eyes and undertone of joyfulness about her, satisfied the more spiritual side of his nature.

And yet she was not the ideal of his past, which ideal had been compounded of soft-voiced Cordelia, passionate Juliet, bright Rosalind, witty Beatrice and dear Desdemona—in fact, of all the sweets of many natures compacted into one.

She was not his heroine, but he was her hero, and her gladness inclined towards sadness, for a true woman sees herself valueless at the moment she believes that the "man of men" sees in her a precious jewel.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, half jestingly.

"Sorry!" she said, and, with a frank yet coy gesture, she nestled close to his heart.

* * * * * * *

Windborough is a country town, seated in the midst of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction.

It is a sleepy town, full of old houses and old traditions, and prides itself rather on its ruins than on its famous woolen manufacture.

It is built in the form of a cross—indeed, its main street is called Crossgate. In one of the arms of the cross—the one towards Woodleigh, with its famous old castle—are the best houses, in which the smaller gentry and the professional men live.

At the end of the Woodleigh Road was Dr. Enderby's house, large and old-fashioned; and hither he brought his wife Margaret not long after their first meeting in the Cloverleigh woods.

It was a change from the intense quiet of her girlhood to a large circle of friends, and a few secret enemies. But she was John's wife, and her sweet gaiety filled his house with sunshine; and she shaped herself a home in all gladness.

The old red-brick house had pleasant rooms, filled with comfortable furniture, softly cushioned chairs, and low tables, and plenty of flowers; there were no dingy-looking dados, no sad-looking discolored blossoms worked on kitchen towels. As Margaret was not esthetic, she preferred cheerful chints and soft velvet.

Her own sanctum was a small room overlooking the garden, and furnished with soft shades of green.

There were oak shelves filled with her favorite books, a writing-table, and a few low chairs. At the window were white lace curtains, and on the mantelpiece a jar of Venetian glass that looked like a fragment of sunset. Near the window was a stand of flowers that varied according to the seasons.

In spring there were primroses and violets—even a few tulips; in summer, roses and mignonette; in autumn and winter, ferns and mosses, with perhaps a red geranium to light them up. Outside in the garden was a great elm overhanging the lawn, and the flower-beds were as old-fashioned as the house.

In this room of Margaret's, John Enderby loved to rest in his intervals of leisure, watching his wife with an interest and a strange timidity that grew deeper day by day.

Poor Margaret felt him farther from her, and a shadow fell across her life that the birth of her little son could not wholly chase away.

When the child was about nine months old, it happened that she was often left alone, for it was an unhealthy autumn, and Dr. Enderby's services were in great requisition, not only among the rich, but also among the poor—for he was gentle as well as skilful.

Now and then he would come in and resume his old habit of silently watching and listening to her talk about little Jack. How she loved that child! What sweet music his tiny fingers discoursed on that mother's heart-strings!

One afternoon her husband came in as she was sitting with the child on her knee—a bright, fair-haired, brown-eyed boy, very like his father.

The baby stretched out his dimpled arms to his father, then with a child's mischief withdrew them, and hid his face on his mother's bosom with a cooing laugh.

She bent her head down on the fluffy curls, and caught his little bare feet in her hand (he had pulled off his shoes and socks, the tiny rogue!), and she kissed the rosy toes with lovely mother-worship.

"Look, John," she said; "isn't he the most wonderfully sweet child, this precious baby? What should we do without him?"

She was flushed and laughing, arms and heart full too; but a sharp pang flashed through him.

He answered quietly, "Yes, he is a fine boy for his age," and, bending down, kissed him; but he went away after that without further speech. It often happened so now, and Margaret could not divine the cause; so she was hurt, and turned more and more to the baby for comfort.

On this occasion the doctor went to his study, locked the door, and sat down to wrestle with himself, also to take stock of his forces for that wrestling.

Terrible and sweet revelation to the man! He had, as the phrase goes, fallen in love—fortunately with his wife. This, then, was the meaning of his silence, his jealousy, of the tearing away of his old pleasant friendliness towards her. This love of his was no flame that would flash and die out, but the strong white heat, the very soul of the heavenly fire.

He remembered now how she had said, "I am not worthy." Now he understood,—she had loved him at that time—how far away it seemed—with the whole force of her being; and he,—well, with self-depreciation and some well-deserved self-blame, he saw his blindness and the terrible risk he had run.

He wanted only his wife, his Margaret; but what if he, Margaret's husband, had never felt this delight in her? Might he not have met some other woman for the sake of whom he would possibly have been tempted to repent his marriage?

He was a good man, upright and true: but he had often played at love before his marriage, 'ere life-time and love-time were one,' and he was being punished now; for he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendliness which he had given her before, and she was absorbed in the child.

Was she, then, one of those women in whom the instinct of mother-hood is stronger than all other? He worshipped her now with the full sacred passion of his manhood, and was his own child to come between, and shut him away from her? She would be always sweetly dutiful, he knew that,—but duty, wifely duty! A man is nothing if he does not want more than that; and what was his life to be if she and the child dwelt apart in a little Paradise of their own? He was jealous of his own child. At this point the man threw himself on his knees and finished his conflict there, and it was well for him that he did so.

* * * * * * * *

The very names of Eliphas the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, carry us back in thought to the world's dawn; but their modern antitypes are to be found everywhere: in the fullest perfection amongst women, and to say, and more perceptible in a country town than in a city.

And when poor Job—feminine Job especially—is sitting in the ashes of desolation, then do they, softly seated on the cushion of self-righteousness, proceed to comment disparagingly on the sufferer's past behavior.

Now, Eliphas and Co., were not wanting in Windborough society, and in the case of John and Margaret soon perceived "the rift in the lute;" and being low, mean souls, they set to work to find a low, mean cause for it, having no idea of the higher love between man and woman.

They were three middle-aged spinsters, who had failed to enter the holy estate of matrimony, in spite of an earnest desire to do so.

When the roses of youth and riches were no longer for them, they would fain have culled the chrysanthemums of life's autumn; but, alas! even those sad and scentless flowers were denied them.

So these three had been soured, or rather were unloved through a certain sourness of nature which the masculine portion of mankind had had sagacity enough to perceive and to avoid.

Miss Moss, Miss Brown, and Miss Jones were friends, and much of the mischief in Windborough might be traced to them.

For instance, had they not discovered Mr. Blight the curate's shameful flirtation with little Miss Wilson? and here was Dr. Enderby taking to his old flirting ways again! If he had married a sensible, intellectual person, she might have cured him by carefully looking after him; but now his attending the meetings of the Book Club without his wife, and walking home with little Miss Fry and her Quaker mother, boded no good. So they said, shaking their heads.

This was after morning service on Sunday, and they resolved that on Monday morning, while the doctor was away on his rounds, they would call and enlighten his wife.

"It will do her good, poor thing," they remarked.

So the three came on Monday morning, and, after a few common-places, Miss Moss, who was a faded beauty, and therefore the bitterest, began.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Enderby, we can see that you are suffering, poor dear, and no wonder!"

Margaret looked at them, bewildered. "I am quite well," she said.

"But about the doctor, my dear; we have known him so long, and understand his ways. If you had been a little more experienced you would have looked better after your husband."

"But he is not ill," answered the wife, still more bewildered.

"Not in body," remarked Miss Brown, with a significant smile; "but in mind, we mean; he pays great attention to the Frys next door, you know."

"And Miss Fry is very pretty," added Miss Jones.

If she had not been so angry, Margaret would have laughed; John had walked home with their neighbors twice, and she was very fond of them. John might not love her; that she had found out, she thought; but she knew him to be the very soul of honor. She was generally so quiet that when her anger blazed out they were startled.

"Will you be so good as to leave my husband's affairs alone?" she said.

"If you wish to be wicked, there is no need to show such bad taste as to come here and endeavor to do harm."

And then they, feeling that for once they had been vanquished, quickly took their departure. But their words had left a sting behind them.

Was it so visible, then, even to these gossips—the fact that she had found out some time ago, namely, that she was not to him all that he was to her? When she had discovered it she had determined to take thankfully what he could give; but, alas! beloved, who who will be grateful for a few crumbs seeing a full meal beyond? The hunger of the soul cannot be stifled; it cries out for food.

Well, she tried not to blame him; he had mistaken his feeling for her, and was tired of her; but there was her baby.

She never told her husband of that visit, though she believed he regretted his marriage; she only clung to the child—such a frail little reed to lean upon. And one day it broke.

It was a Sunday—one of those sweet days in the late autumn which nature saves out of the summer. The trees had lost their leaves, and the sunshine showed all their delicate irregularity—their beauty of mere form, which had been hidden by the foliage.

The golden asters and red geraniums still brightened the sheltered garden. A ball was lying on the frosty grass, but the tiny fingers that had played with it would never touch it more, for Baby Jack was going fast to a Land in which, let us not say there no toys for the angel children.

You remember Martin Luther's letter to his boy Hans, in which he tells him of a lovely paradise, with golden toys, whips, and drums, and childish delights.

This little child was dying of croup.

His mother could only hold the little form on her knee, while John knelt beside her trying useless remedies to comfort her.

At last he stood still, looking down sorrowfully at the signs of ebbing life.

Suddenly he knelt and touched the little clenched hand with his lips, and heavy tears plashed down upon it—his dear little boy.

It was hard!

Margaret bent forward.

"You do love him, John!"

She was jealous for him that he should have his full share of love before he went.

John understood, and his look answered her.

What instinct had made her ask?

The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter,

It was near the end now, and little Jack opened his eyes and said, for the first and last time, quite clearly—

"Mamma."

That was all she was to have—the one word, and the angels would have the rest.

Terrible, awfully mysterious death had borne away the spirit of the babe, and left only the little body cold and white as a snow-wreath.

But a smile hovered on the tiny face.

"And the bells of the city rang again," said John, softly.

Margaret could weep then, and the nurse took the dead child from her arms, and went softly out, shutting the door.

So John comforted his wife, but her grief grew silent.

She was gentle to him, but her thoughts were with the child.

She told herself that it was better that he should be with the angels, and he would sing hymns, and perhaps play in the golden streets.

But she had a hurt feeling, for he would never be her own baby again.

Mothers' hearts are hungry things, and she felt as she had nothing left.

Her husband divined this mixed feeling, but in the shyness of his new love could not penetrate her silence.

After awhile her strength failed.

And, in great anxiety he brought her back to Cloverleigh, to the old rooms that had been bowered by the apple blossoms,

But blossoms and birds were all gone now.

Here Margaret grew restless.

Her thoughts turned from little Jack for the first time and the afternoon after they came, she wandered out by herself to the woods above the house.

The sun was shining, and there were one or two daisies in the grass.

She stooped and gathered them.

Her baby had been very fond of them, and she had made him so many chains of them in the past summer, and he had broken them, with his little coo just like a bird.

She went on, dyed-eyed and desolate.

She started.

Here was the place where John had asked her to be his wife, and with a pang she remembered the intensity of her joy.

Ah! how the petals had fallen from the flowers.

It had been unjust for John to take her without loving her.

He had sought her and wooed her, and now she was so lonely.

She heard his step, and turned to hide from him.

But the trees were bare now.

Half curiously she looked at him.

He had not seen her yet, for his eyes were bent on the ground.

Unconscious of her presence, he took no pains to hide his despondency, and she could see how grief-worn was the handsome, kindly face.

Contemplating him thus she forgot herself, and the old strong love shone in her eyes.

He looked up, and saw her pale and thin in her black dress.

But there was that in those eyes which drew him to her to murmur in her ears how much he loved her, and she turned to him as she had never done before.

"I am not worthy dear," he said, having also learnt the divine humility.

So the bitter changed entirely o sweet.

Not suddenly; for it took some time for Margaret to lose her jealousy of the angels.

And that time was chronicled in her soul as, "the winter our baby died, and I first knew how dear I was to John."

Marvelous Restoration.

The cures that are being made by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases, by their new vitalizing Treatment, are indeed marvelous. If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about their new Treatment, and it will be promptly sent.

How he was Thwarted.

BY HENRY FRITH.

It was not a novel position by any means.

In romances I had read of many such, and had perhaps enjoyed the reading.

But things change when you are an actor in the drama, instead of a mere spectator.

Here were two young men in the same office in love with the same girl, and that girl their master's daughter.

Amice Brindley was worth winning.

She was nineteen, slight but graceful of figure, open and charming of countenance, and with eyes—were there any dreamy grey eyes like Amice's elsewhere in creation?

Moreover, she was the old ship-owner's only child and heiress.

Everybody in Stowport knew that Jabez Brindley's nest was softly feathered.

It was the latter fact, I used to fancy, that gave me my angry jealousy of Frank Sollar.

I believed him to be a mere adventurer, wooing Amice for her money.

For myself it is truth to say that I should have sought her with as much eagerness, and fifty times the confidence, if she had been penniless.

But it was likely to prove a vain chase for both of us.

We had little besides prospects to offer to any maiden.

The prospects even were extremely vague and unsubstantial.

Frank Sollar professed himself the heir to a Cornish estate long in Chancery, at a reference to which his shrewd employer would undoubtedly have sneered.

I had a rich uncle, who had assisted largely in my education.

But I had offended him by a refusal to read for the Bar, and he had more obliging nephews.

My outlook was equally uncompromising.

We often met Amice.

Jabez Brindley was an unpretending, old-fashioned merchant, whose house of business was still his home.

He might have built a villa, like other Stowport magnates, on Camp Hill, overlooking both sea and land.

But he preferred the gloomy quietude of North Nelson street, and Amice was frequently in and out of No. 80 by the private entrance.

Occasionally she would call upon her father, or leave some message in our office.

One or the other of us, if the coast was clear, would then obtain a shy smile and half a dozen words of decorous commonplace.

In adroitness, as well as in personal appearance, Frank Sollar had by far the advantage of me.

His address was easy, and hit the happy mean between politeness and servility.

He certainly improved his position month by month with Mr. Brindley, and I began to fear with Amice also.

What if after all he should carry off the prize?

It was not simply that I loved Amice, and recoiled at the idea of another's victory.

I had come, in spite of Frank's circumspect conduct in the office, to entertain very grave suspicions of his steadiness.

I rarely saw him after business hours, and one or two of my friends had recently asked the questions which hinted at gambling difficulties.

It would break my darling's heart to find herself the wife of a profligate.

To prevent such a consummation I would risk much.

One dull October morning—I well remember how persistently the rain was beating against our windows—a tiny slip of paper fluttered out of Frank's pocket with his handkerchief, and lodged at my feet.

I picked it up and returned it, and as I did so my eyes almost mechanically rested on the name of an Atlantic steamship, the Queen Scotia, and upon a date, October 16th, three days hence.

Frank Sollar scanned my face with a peculiarly scrutinising expression, and seemed strangely confused.

But he said—

"Thank you," quietly enough, and the incident dropped into at least temporary oblivion.

That was Monday.

On the following Wednesday I learnt that Amice's peril had reached and passed a crisis.

My fellow clerk had been despatched to the South Wharf, and on his way had fallen in with Amice.

Having more at stake than an outsider dreamed of, and believing that by this time his manifold excellences had made their due impression, he seized the opportunity of proposing, and to his intense chagrin Amice rejected him.

He came back with a look upon his face that was really terrible in its suggestiveness of wrath, and baffled greed, and incipient despair.

I noticed it and was very much bewildered.

At that moment I had no interpretations ready.

Frand Sollar detected my glance of inquiry, and when we were alone gave me an outline of what had happened.

He wished me to suppose that the pangs of wounded love constituted all his woe.

"I am not good enough for her, I suppose," he said.

"As if she has not wealth enough for two!"

"Probably she knew her father would object."

"He'd have come round if she had been determined."

Words of comfort on my part would have been hypocritical, so I remained perfectly silent.

"Now, sooner or later, I shall have to leave," he continued, with a sharp side-flash of his steely eyes.

"It must be uncomfortable else?"

"Exactly.

"But I've a respite at present.

"Amice has promised not to say anything for, at any rate, a few weeks."

Again I held my peace, and if Frank Sollar had been less absorbed in his own anxieties he would have observed a hot flush on my cheeks.

His free use of that Christian name annoyed me exceedingly.

A second later a ring came at the bell, and our conversation was of course broken off.

I went home in wonderfully blithe spirits that evening. A great load was lifted from my mind.

That fate might ultimately write failure on my own suit likewise (that is, if I ever dared to test it) I knew surely enough.

But, at all events, one haunting fear had been removed, one danger averted.

Youth is sanguine, and very quickly elated.

The morrow was destined to be a busy day.

One of Mr. Brindley's largest vessels had arrived in port from a lengthened voyage.

The crew of the Helena had to be paid off.

This was a task invariably fulfilled by the old merchant in person.

I think he liked to see the gleam of satisfaction steal over the bronzed faces.

Other payments were due, and the amount of gold sent for from the Stowport bank was abnormally large.

It was Frank Sollar's duty, as senior clerk, to go for this punctually at the stroke of nine.

The messenger had been despatched about half an hour, and I was sitting at my desk, awaiting both his return and the entry of Mr. Brindley from the rear, when a town acquaintance sighted me.

He crossed the street and stopped in.

"All alone, Johnny Ryle, and chewing the sweet cud of reflection?" he said.

"Alone certainly, just now, Marsh," I answered.

"But with very little time for meditating on much, except figures."

"And if they are of good round thousands, what could be better?"

"That they should be honestly your humble servant's."

He laughed merrily, and went on with his light-hearted banter.

Suddenly the vision of Sollar's vacant desk seemed to give him an idea—as it chanced, an important one.

"Anything special afoot with your office chum, this morning?" he asked.

"I met him tearing down Bridge Street in a tremendous hurry."

I stared in bewildered surprise.

Down Bridge Street was towards the railway station, and away from both bank and office.

Frank Sollar could have no lawful business in that direction on his present errand.

And then what I must always consider a flash of sheer intuition crossed my mind.

I linked this revelation with the repulse Frank had suffered from Amice Brindley, and with the characters on the accidentally dropped note.

I read meditated crime and flight in this singular conduct.

There was scanty time in which to baffle it.

I fancy my friend thought I had gone suddenly mad, as he saw me fling to and lock a safe, seize my hat, and, without a syllable of explanation, dash at full speed down the road.

A police-station was directly on my route, and I had sufficient presence of mind to call there, hurriedly convey my suspicions, and take an inspector with me.

"We shall be five minutes too late," he said, as we both panted under the railway bridge.

"The express for Liverpool leaves at 9.40.

"It is five minutes beyond that now."

The same fear was in my own brain.

"We can but see," I answered.

A shrill whistle was heard.

Waiting-rooms and ticket office were alike deserted.

We reached the platform, and the express was in the very act of moving out.

She had been delayed by a leakage of the engine, and an insufficiency of water.

Inspector Geyworth gesticulated wildly to the small army of railroad officials, and they in turn attracted the attention of the driver.

Power was reversed, and slowly the serpent-like mass crawled down the line again.

I held my breath in intense excitement.

What a fool I should appear if my surmises were unfounded.

Many heads were were put out of the carriage windows to detect the cause of this fresh stoppage, and one of these belonged to Frank Sollar,

Our eyes met, and his change of color was startling and pitiful.

The poor doubly defeated wretch knew that the game was up.

He had made an attempt at disguise even in the few moments that had been at his disposal, but the false moustache, and the ulster buttoned close up to the chin, were ineffectual.

Had he been suffered to reach Liverpool, he would, no doubt, have gone on board the Queen Scotia in an assumed name, and in outward semblance quite a different man.

"This is Mr. Sollar, I believe?" said the inspector calmly.

I nodded.

"Sorry to trouble you to put off your journey for a few hours, Mr. Sollar," he said.

Frank's teeth chattered in his head.

He stepped out in blank silence, and his hopes disappeared with the released train.

The case was very clear against him, and a committal followed.

He had become heavily involved in so-called "debts of honor," some of them madly incurred on the representation that he was about to marry the shipowner's daughter.

After Amice had refused him, every honorable avenue of escape seemed cut off.

He decided for theft—and a prison.

Mr. Brindley warmly thanked me when the whole story had been made plain.

"And my daughter tells me that, actually, the villain dared to make her an offer of marriage, a few days before," said Mr. Brindley.

"His insolence must have been unbounded."

I felt a warm wave of color surging up to my temples.

I had saved the old man probably five thousand dollars.

Now, or never, was my opportunity, I thought.

"I don't wonder that one should fall in love with Miss Brindley, sir," gasped I.

"I myself have done it."

The merchant was not taken back nearly so much as I had feared.

"Eh?

"Another of them?" he said drily.

"Well, John Ryle, you've served me honestly enough.

"I know nothing against you. Try your chance."

That evening I had a lengthy consultation with Amice, and, if I had never before known the height of earthly happiness, it seemed to me that she taught it to me.

To-day, "Brindley & Ryle," is the name of the North Nelson street firm, and my rich uncle may do with his wealth exactly what he pleases.

Father to a Lord.—But little is known of Lord Audley's early life.

Even the place and the date of his birth are unknown, though it is very safe to say that he first drew the breath of life in Essex.

He entered the Inner Temple in 1526. In 1529 he was Speaker of the House of Commons.

In 1532, having won the favor of the King—Henry VIII.—he was knighted; and in 1533 he became Lord Chancellor of England, which office he retained while he continued to live.

His family name was Tickneese. The elder Tickneese, having become well bowed with years, found himself very poor, and in this situation he applied to his son, Lord Audley, for assistance.

But the noble lord would not grant it.

He advised his impecunious parent to go home and keep himself quiet. But the parent of the noble lord could not look upon the relations between father and son, and the duties arising therefrom, in that light.

He would at least make the reputation of his beloved boy help him in business.

In other years the elder Tickneese had been a maker and mender of shoes.

And now, in his old age, he found a basement room in the same street of the residence of his noble son, and very nearly opposite, which he hired, and put to use as a cobbler's stall; and he put out a large sign, with this legend, in startling capitals, upon it:

"Boots and Shoes Made and Repaired by P. Tickneese, Father to Lord Audley."

This had the desired effect.

Lord Audley visited his respected parent by night, and promised him that he should never want for the comforts, and even luxuries of life, if he would immediately take down and burn up that sign, and betake himself to the old home in Essex.

Skill in the Workshop.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic troubles appear, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

French women were employed in the harvest fields of New Hampshire as reapers this season. They were required to do the same work as men, got the same wages, two dollars per day, and their work was fully as satisfactory, if not more so.

A Broken Trust.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I EDWIN LEIGH, had been married just three months, and for twice that time a junior partner in our banking firm, Debenham, Lockyer, & Co., of Crutched Friars.

I had cause to remember the day when a neighbor of ours, a young German merchant, called, after dusk, at our house—Wolseley Place, N. W.—to ask me to take charge of a sum, in gold chiefly, which he had received in the city after banking hours.

"I am called off to France, and start by night mail at eight o'clock," said my friend; "nor do I care to carry so much gold with me among the pickpockets of Paris, so please pay it in to my account when you go to the bank to-morrow—six thousand dollars."

I insisted on giving Hermann Krantz a receipt for his six thousand dollars.

"Dat is all nonsense," said the worthy Teuton, but he pocketed the paper I pressed upon him, and we shook hands and parted.

I locked up the bag of money in my dressing-case up-stairs, meaning, of course, to convey it to Crutched Friars next day.

Dinner, however, was not over before there was a loud peal of the door-bell, and I received a pressing letter of instructions, sent by special messenger, from our principal's private residence.

Mr. Debenham requested me to start by early train next morning for Manchester on important business.

It was the first separation between Blanche and myself, and it was a trial to both, for I loved my young wife dearly: however, the journey was necessary, so at dawn I set off, looking forward with pleasure to my prompt return, and enjoining on Blanche to keep an eye on the small morocco case that contained Herr Krantz's deposit.

I was detained at Manchester longer than had been expected.

However, on the third day I reached it, the affairs which I had to arrange were satisfactorily settled, and I was able to telegraph to my wife that I should return home that night.

I started.

The weather—it was winter—had quite changed.

The cold was bitter, and the country white with snowdrifts, while the loud, fierce wind brought fresh flakes with it.

Still, wrapping myself in my warm ulster, I kept my place in the railway car, cheerfully looking forward to the pleasant welcome that awaited me.

More than once I fell asleep, but always my dreams were of home, the pretty little wife, the eager greeting, the warmth, the sense of comfort, the glowing fire, the hot supper, for the traveler returned.

London, at last.

Slowly through the blinding snow did my cabman make his way to Wolseley Place, No. 2; but, that haven of peace once reached, I ran like a schoolboy up the flagged path of the tiny front garden, leaving grumbling John to follow with the portmanteau.

Sarah, our housemaid, hurried to answer my impatient ring.

I did not, at first, notice the girl's affrighted look, nor the flaring candle, snatched off the drawing-room table, in her hand.

Sarah had enough to do to prevent the candle from being extinguished, while I had to push hard at the closing door, before, along with freshening wind and driving snow, I could effect an entrance.

"You seem surprised, Sarah," I said.

"Oh, sir, you don't know what it is. No, there's nobody there," she said wildly, as I rushed to the drawing-room, the door of which was ajar, one candle on the trim table, the fire extinct, the room empty and cheerless.

I left Sarah to receive my portmanteau and pay the cabman, and dashed upstairs.

There, in my wife's bed-room, a bright fire burned, candles flickered, and kind, white-haired Dr. Blandford stood before the fire.

There was a strong odor of ether and other drugs, and the medicine-chest stood open on a side-table.

Stretched on the bed, her pretty head almost buried among the soft pillows, but in the same dress she must have worn that day, lay Blanche.

When she heard my step and my voice, her hysterical sobs redoubled, and it was almost in a shriek that she cried out—

"Do not ask it, Edwin; no, no, I cannot tell you.

"Do not question me, or it will kill me!"

I soothed my poor darling as well as I could, but my efforts seeming useless, I turned to the doctor, who drew me aside.

"There has been, it appears, my dear sir, an audacious robbery here," he said, in a low voice.

I started.

"And poor little Mrs. Leigh, who alone witnessed it, as I gather," went on the doctor, "has received a severe shock to nerves naturally weak.

"I have done my best, but I am sure her husband's protection is the surest cure."

Again, with soothing words, Dr. Blandford left me to attend her restoratives, and then left her in my charge.

Sitting down beside my wife, I gently took her hand in mine, and with much loving talk tried to draw from her what had thus alarmed her.

But when I spoke indignantly of the scoundrel who had frightened her, and talked of sending at once for the police, Blanche started up, and clasped her hands imploringly.

"Oh, no, no—never!" she shrieked out.

"Edwin, dear Edwin, say nothing to the police.

"He must not be pursued.

"Let him go—pray, pray, let him go free!"

This, I felt, was most extraordinary.

Why should I let a thief go, if he could be caught?

And what could my poor Blanche mean?

I began, for the first time, to wonder of what the stolen property could have consisted.

That there had been a real robbery I could not doubt.

But, unless some impudent snatcher had slipped in to abscond with a few spoons, or burglars had been busy, I could not guess the meaning of the disturbance.

Mechanically I glanced around the room, and missed from its accustomed place my big dressing-case—new and handsome, with its silver mountings and patent lock—the very case in which, before starting for Manchester, I had secured Hermann Krantz's money.

Where was the case now?

"Blanche, love," said I, anxiously, and in a quivering voice, "surely, the dressing-case——"

"Yes, yes," she cried out, again wringing her hands, with a long wail of agony; "cruel, cruel—yes, it is that!

"But spare him—pray do not set any one to hunt him down—not if you love me—Edwin, pray, pray!"

And then her hysterical attack became a paroxysm of so violent a nature that Dr. Blandford had again to be sent for, and he had trouble enough to calm, by skill and care, the violent agitation under which poor Blanche now suffered.

"There must be no more talk of an exciting character to-night.

"My patient must have absolute repose," said the good doctor, when he came down on tiptoe to where I sat before the rekindled fire in the lonely drawing-room, to tell me that Blanche had sunk into an uneasy slumber, and that Sarah was with her.

What a night I spent!

No sleep visited me, after the fatigue of my journey, so profound was my wretched-ness.

I was a ruined man, I felt; ruined and disgraced, for I could no more replace the six thousand dollars left in my care by the German—himself not rich—than I could give any reasonable explanation of the robbery.

My wife's behavior was so singular, and her anxiety lest the villain who had made off with this large sum—the loss of which meant ruin to our prospects—should be captured, was so inexplicable, that the suspicions of the world at large would cling to us both.

I felt myself miserable and perturbed.

What could Blanche's evident sympathy with the robber imply, unless indeed the sudden shock had disordered her brain?

The early post brought me a letter from Paris.

My friend, Krantz, informed me cheerfully that he found a lengthened tour in France would be required in the interests of his firm, and that he was writing by the same post to our banking house in Crutched Friars, to request that the letter of credit on Rouen & Lyons, might be sent out to him for the amount of six thousand dollars.

"The sum you paid in for me will be handy, now," said the unconscious German.

I groaned aloud as I read the words.

"Your mistress is asleep?" I asked of Sarah.

The answer was in the affirmative; nor, until I had the doctor's approval, could I venture to disturb my sick wife by approaching her.

My task was clear before me, and it was no pleasant one.

I must be at our office at the usual time, more as a self-accused culprit than as a colleague.

Certainly, I had been guilty of nothing worse than carelessness.

But then a banker has no right to be careless.

And much of the affair could not be explained.

Blanche's behavior presented a riddle not to be guessed.

My object was to insure Herr Krantz against loss, and to entreat that the firm would advance the money due to him, deducting the amount from my annual share in the profits.

Still, six thousand dollars!

"Well! I like to look at it, Mr. Leigh," said the principal.

And, good-natured creature, he advised me to go home, since, [illegible] present condition of my mind and spirits, I was unfit for the routine of my daily duties.

I reached home, and met Dr. Blandford at the garden gate.

"You will find Mrs. Leigh better now," he said.

And, indeed, I found my dear wife calmer, though pale and trembling.

Clearly, it would be rash to allude, for the present, to the robbery.

I [illegible] changes to [illegible] and I could not have [illegible] I am [illegible] foolish [illegible] as I [illegible] it to me.

It was of himself to Blanche, and came from Liverpool.

"I know nobody in Liverpool," she said wonderingly.

"You read it, Edwin."

I did read it.

It was from the Chief Superintendent of the Liverpool police, and informed Mrs. Leigh that, early that morning, as the steamship Arizona was sailing for New York, a passenger, a young man, embarking had slipped from the landing-stage into the river, and when his body was recovered life was completely extinct.

Strapped to his waist was a large morocco dressing-case, with silver mountings and a patent lock.

In the side-pocket of his coat was found a letter, stamped and ready to be posted, addressed to Blanche, and signed "Your affectionate brother, Jasper Langtrey."

"Jasper Langtrey!"

At the sight of that name a light broke in upon me.

Of my wife's relations, who lived in the country, I had seen but little.

Yet I had heard of the one black sheep of the family, a scampish brother of Blanche's, who had caused sorrow and shame to his surroundings, and, having made England too hot to hold him, was supposed to be leading a gold-digger's life in Australia.

He, then, was the thief, as Blanche, when she had got over her first natural grief at the sufferings of her erring brother's untimely ending, shudderingly confessed.

He had, it seems, lately returned to England, but this I was unaware of; judge, then, of my astonishment when, yesterday, I suddenly saw him standing beside me.

"It seemed that, finding the door below accidentally open, Jasper had entered unseen, and came straight to my room.

"When my first surprise was over, he told me that, as usual, he wanted money.

"I offered him the little I had—the few sovereigns in my purse.

"He was awfully excited, and demanded more.

"I told him there was no more in the house, except the sum left in trust by a friend of yours."

"You told him that!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, that was my mistake," sobbed Blanche, "for his eyes followed mine.

"Imagine my horror when, seizing on the dressing-case with the money, he about to leave the room.

"I screamed and threw myself on my knees at his feet, and clung to him, entreating him not to wrong thus my husband and myself, but he pushed me violently from him.

"'I trust to my sister,' he cried, 'not to make a convict out of her brother,' and then rushed from the room and from the house.

"And what could I do, Edwin dear—it almost drove me mad—what could I do?"

"My poor Blanche!" I said, pityingly, as I took her in my arms and kissed her.

I went to Liverpool, and there had delivered over to me intact, the dressing-case which contained the German's money, which I was proud and thankful, on my return to London, to pay into the bank to Herr Krantz's account. I left directions, and the necessary sum, to provide for Jasper's decent burial. Here is the letter which he had penned:

"DEAR SISTER BLANCHE,—All is well. I start for America this morning, per Arizona packet from Liverpool. I shall send this back by the pilot boat when out of the Mersey. I trust to you not to betray me. I will repay the money when I have made my 'pile.' I rely on you not to betray me.

"Your affectionate Brother,
"JASPER LANGTREY."

I need not say that this letter, which I carried back to my wife, cleared away every doubt between us—every doubt from my mind. My Blanche and I have continued, as before, the most trustful and the happiest couple of any that I know. Herr Krantz did not learn until his return to England, some months afterwards, the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

TALKING TO GIRLS.—Artemus Ward, delivering a lecture once in a certain town, was asked by the principal of a young ladies' high school in the place to pay a visit to her institution the next day. He went and made the girls a speech. While walking to the academy a horse took fright and went tearing over the pavement with what Artemus called "the fore-quarters" of a wagon clattering at his heels. This incident Artemus ingeniously utilized in his address. Said he, "The vehicular elopement which has just taken place, young ladies, has furnished us with a timely topic of discourse. Young ladies seminaries are always exposed to runaways. Once, when traveling with my show I came upon a terrible mistake. At every window there were ladders, and lads too, as to that. Manly perpendiculars carrying fainting horizontals to the ground. 'Fire! fire!' I shouted. 'None of that,' replied a solemn voice from the orchard. 'There ain't no fire; these are only young fellows running off with their sweethearts.' There is moral entertainment for man and beast in this runaway. No horse, if attached to a wagon, that is, if sincerely attached to it, will run away with it; but the more a young man is attached to a young woman the more he will run away with her, leaving no trace, in fact, none of the harness, behind. Young ladies since I have stood before your beautiful faces I have lost something, and if you or two out of the score should find a red cotton handkerchief looking like a small breastpin that has been stepped on, you may know it is my poor, busted heart."

Scientific and Useful.

WIRE ROPE.—Wire rope must not be coiled or uncoiled like hemp rope. When mounted on a reel the latter should be turned on a spindle to pay off the rope. When forwarded in a coil without reel, roll it over the ground like a wheel and run off the rope in that way. All untwisting must be avoided.

PROTECTING THE SKIN.—To prevent the skin from discoloring after a blow or fall, take a little dry starch or arrow root and merely moisten it with cold water and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be applied some hours afterwards with effect.

A LAMP-EXTINGUISHER.—Two extinguishing plates, hinged under the cap and near the wick-tube, are furnished with arms which project outwards through oblique slots in a case connected with a wire, which extends downwards along the side of the lamp and its stand. The wire is supplied with a handle or knob, by means of which it may be pulled down so as to cause the two extinguishing plates to close on the wick-tube and thus put out the light. A spring surrounding part of the wire restores the different parts of the apparatus to their normal condition.

UNDER WATER.—The Freuss breathing apparatus for use in mines and under water is recommended by the British Home Secretary. It consists of an air-tight mask connected by valves with a vessel carried on the back, and containing a supply of oxygen and soda. When using it the wearer continues to inhale his own breath, the carbonic acid in which is absorbed by a supply of soda, and the exhausted air is replaced by the oxygen. The weight of the whole apparatus is twenty-eight pounds, and it is stated when charged it would sustain life for four hours.

STEEL-IRON.—Steel-iron is a new product useful for rails, armor-plates, anvils, fire-proof safes, and so on. It is an intimate union of iron and steel pieces, making one mass. The iron and steel may be side by side, alternate, or one may enclose the other. It is made by dividing a cast-iron mould into two parts by a thin sheet of iron securely fixed in it. The fluid steel as well as the fluid wrought-iron are poured into the double mould, one into each partition, and the separating plate unites them into one by welding. The separator must must not be so thin as to burn through and allow the molten masses to combine; and if too thick it does not attain the proper welding heat. The dimensions of the plate are therefore a point of great importance. Parts of machinery and tools subject to great pressure and vibration are best made of this material.

Farm and Garden.

ELECTRICITY FOR BALKING.—And now it is announced that a new cure has been found for balking in horses. It is simple, being only the application of electricity. The electric battery is placed in the carriage and wires attached to the horses bit and crupper. When the horse balks the electric current is turned on and the horse is cured.

BLINKERS.—The *Lancet* stoutly opposes the practice of putting blinkers on horses. It says: "It seems to us that they are useless, ugly, and, to some extent, injurious to the eyesight. The most beautiful feature of the horse is the eye. If it were not 'hid from our gaze' it would serve to denote sickness, pain, or pleasure. Many a time would the driver spare the whip on seeing the animal's eye."

UTILIZING POTATO VINES.—An exchange advises the saving of late potato vines for covering strawberry beds in winter, and adds: "Spread them thinly over the ground late in the fall, and they will afford sufficient protection through the cold weather. When spring comes they will be found so rotted away as not to interfere with the growth of the plants. They have also the advantage of containing no wood seeds.

WATERMELON SYRUP.—A southern writer says that those who have never eaten it have no idea how delicious and pleasant flavored watermelon syrup is; it is next to maple syrup and far superior to the sorghum molasses, having none of its strong taste. Press the juice out of the melons in any way convenient; it will be about like maple sap or sweet cider; then it is to be boiled in about the same way as maple sap is made into syrup.

HANGING-BASKETS.—Red flower-pots can be converted into these pretty baskets for lawns or porches. Two large pots, of the ten-inch size will make a handsome pair. Get a small brad-awl and gimlet of a large size, and a small saw-blade set in a handle; work holes in rows all round the pots half an inch wide (first softening them by soaking overnight). Give the surface two coats of stone-colored paint, then sprinkle with sand or white marble dust or frosting; or paint white, and dust with marble or stone cutter's sand mixed with frosting; this will give a surface like stone or marble, as may be desired.

Ayer's Ague Cure is the only remedy known, which is certain to cure Fever and Ague permanently, by expelling the malarial poison which produces the disease. It does this surely and leaves no ill effects upon the system. Nothing so thoroughly depressing and discouraging as the periodical return of the alternate chills, fever and sweating, peculiar to this disease.

Our Young Folks.

THOUGHTLESS TOM.

BY PIPKIN.

NEPTURE was the handsomest and best dog in the world, and if you know a better, pray introduce him to me.

He and Master Tom were inseparable friends and playfellows, but I am sorry to tell you the dog had the advantage over the boy, inasmuch as the dog always did what he was told, and the boy didn't.

Why, if you only said—

"Hi, Nepture, fetch it," off went the big dog at full swing, and "fetched it" that moment.

And to tell you the truth, the big dog was often rather disgusted with the small boy for not running on errands as fast as he might have done.

He had been known to bark loudly at him, then catch hold of the edge of his jacket in his teeth, and pull him along with great jerks when Master Tom has been dawdling about instead of doing as he was bidden.

Nepture is honest, dignified, kind, loyal, and obedient, with something majestic about him, yet he obeys at a word, a sign, a look.

There is nothing in the least majestic about Master Tom, with his plump rosy cheeks and flaxen hair, and yet he is not half as obedient as his dog.

He is a very merry little fellow, and means well, but he is as thoughtless as a kitten, and so fond of his own way that he does not stop to think whether it is the right way or the wrong.

Tom and Nepture were never tired of gambolling together, leaping and rolling over on the grass, shouting and barking, to their hearts' content, but Tom's mother would not let him throw stones for Nepture to fetch out of the little lake, because he had once nearly overbalanced himself in doing so, and tumbled into the water himself.

Now it is a delightful thing to send a stone skimming over the water, and then see a brave dog plunge in after it, swim straight for it, with a grand buffeting against the waves, and bringing it back to you, give a great shake, while you jump away screaming with laughter to escape a shower-bath of the bright glittering drops.

Tom grumbled and cried when his mamma forbade him to throw stones, and Nepture looked at him with much surprise, and felt ashamed of him.

One day Tom's sister, Phœbe, was left in charge of the house, as well as of Tom in it, and the charge of the house was in her opinion a joke compared to that of Tom.

Especially as on this occasion he was in a troublesome mood.

He had wanted to go with his parents because they were to spend the day with some friends who had a boy of his own age of whom he was fond.

But little Harry had the measles, and as Tom had never had them he was left behind.

"So stupid," he said, as the carriage drove away from the door, "as if I'd get the measles if I didn't choose, and I don't choose."

"Don't be a goose," replied Phœbe.

"Do you suppose poor little Harry chose?"

"He's not little," retorted Tom, "he's as big as me."

"You are so wonderful big," laughed Phœbe.

"I shall be before I've done. Girls always keep short and stupid.

"You're grown up, but when I'm a man I shall be ever so much taller than you, though you'll be an old woman then; and I should be ashamed of myself if I wasn't very much higher."

"Run out and play, and take Nepture with you," cried Phœbe, laughing good-humoredly.

"Mamma has given me some work to do, and I don't want to see either of your faces till dinner-time."

Nepture immediately rose from the rug where he reposed his noble limbs, marched up to Phœbe, and laid his nose for a moment on her knee, switching his tail about in the air vigorously.

"You old darling," said she.

Then he approached Tom, gave one bark, and jumped out of the low open window.

"Very well," said Tom, viciously.

"You shan't see my face, then, Miss Polite.

"I'll give Nepture a swim in the lake."

And seizing his hat in his hand he jumped out of the window too, and ran off in the direction of the water.

Nepture gaily bounding round him as they went.

"Oh, what a torment that boy is," sighed Phœbe, as she also jumped out of the window, and ran after him.

"Tom, Tom, you naughty boy, come back," she shouted, but she shouted in vain.

Tom only ran the faster, and Nepture, who did not understand what it was all about, ran too.

But Phœbe had longer legs than Tom's, and after awhile she overtook him, and seizing him by the collar of his jacket, unfortunately caught a bit of his hair in her fingers along with it, and the hasty grip made him cry with pain.

He made a snap at her hand with his sharp little teeth as if he would have bitten her.

"Can't you let a fellow alone," he asked sulkily.

"No, I can't," answered breathless Phœbe, "when a fellow is in mischief.

"Now look here, Tom, you must mind me while mamma is away.

"I won't let you go to the lake, because she doesn't.

"Nor into the garden either, because it is the way to the lake, and you might be tempted.

"You shall play in the paddock—you know that's a treat for you.

"You like the paddock, you can gather your hands full of buttercups, and you can climb the safe old trees, and Daisy and Nepture will keep your company."

Daisy was the brindled cow.

"I'll milk Daisy," said Tom, in a threatening manner.

And with unwilling steps he let himself be almost dragged along by his sister, while Nepture, just as happy to go one way as the other, accompanied them.

"And welcome, if you can," laughed she.

"Just you try.

"Daisy's no notion of being milked by unaccustomed fingers, I can assure you.

"If I were you I would leave her alone."

"Milking's woman's work," Tom said disdainfully.

"I'm not going to milk Daisy, I can tell you."

The paddock was an enclosed field at the back of the house.

It was on the little cliff that overhung the lake, but far from the edge, of which it was not even in sight, a grove of trees being between.

A safer place could hardly be imagined for a harassed elder sister to leave a troublesome boy in.

"Now you are not to go out of the paddock, remember, except through the gate, if you want to come back to the house," said Phœbe.

"Have a good game of play, and don't worry me, there's a dear boy," and she released him from her hands as she spoke.

"Oh, yes; I'm such a dear boy, am I not?" answered Tom with much disdain.

And so the brother and sister parted, little thinking how they were to meet again.

Tom amused himself some time with Nepture and Daisy and by climbing the trees.

Then he had a game of ball with Nepture, he throwing his ball, and boy and dog both racing after it.

At last he threw it so recklessly that it went right over the paling into the grove of trees, and without an instant's reflection right over the paling went Tom after it, the leap being delightful.

Nepture not knowing there was an objection, or he would have been the last dog, I know, to join in the frolic, bounded over after him.

"Hurrah, my hearties," cried Tom, and like a prisoner released, he took to his heels and ran through the grove toward the edge of the cliff.

But when he did this Nepture knew as well as you and I do that he was going out of bounds.

Tom was too full of reckless glee to think of this, but shouting and jumping, ran on, and Nepture ran too, and as he ran gave sharp barks of warning, and when Tom approached the very edge, caught hold of his jacket in his teeth in the way I have told you of, and thereby stopped Tom in his impetuous career, and tumbled him over on his back.

Tom jumped up laughing.

"Bad dog, bad old Nepture," cried he, "lie down."

And Nepture, angry and displeased, obeyed, turning his back on Tom, and in a dignified manner seeming unconscious even of his presence.

But not a bit did merry, naughty Master Tom care for that.

He had his ball in his hand and, leaning over, he threw himself backwards, and then flung it into the water below, shouting out—

"Hi, Nepture, fetch!"

As he did so he overbalanced himself, just in the way his mamma was afraid of, and tumbled headlong from the cliff, a height of some thirty feet or so, into the lake.

Nepture took no notice whatever of the "Hi, Nepture, fetch!" but kept his back to Tom, and his head in the air, just as if he had not spoken at all.

He was not going to be at the beck and call of a naughty boy, or to help him disobey orders.

But when the great splash came in the water, and a little frightened scream with it, it was quite another matter.

Up jumped the dog.

In one moment he had looked over the cliff.

Seeing what had happened—seeing the whirl and disturbance in the lake below, and then a poor little flaxen head and pair of terrified arms flung into the air, he bravely took the leap himself.

The next moment you might have seen after a struggle to recover from the shock—swimming I had almost said manfully—but I mean dogfully, with rapid strong strokes in one direction, far off now, where the disturbance in the water showed that poor Tom was again rising to the surface.

Poor Tom indeed, fortunate Tom, happy Tom to have a dog like Nepture to look after him.

Straight ahead swam the good dog to the very place where Tom was drowning, seized the choking, suffocating, sinking little fellow, just before it was too late, and dragged him along by his clothes through the water, till he landed him safely on the shore.

Brave old Nepture, he was ready to lie down by the boy's side when he had him there, so tired and out of breath was he through the exertion.

But he was too light of heart and triumphant at what he had done to lie down and rest, and gamboled and leaped about round Tom instead, giving sharp loud barks as he did so, till it suddenly struck him that it was very odd and stupid of Master Tom to lie there like a log, instead of being as light at heart and lively as he was.

Then he snuffed over the boy's wet cold face with his big friendly nose, and at once making up his mind that there was something wrong, set off for the house.

Phœbe sat in the breakfast-parlor, busy with the work her mother had left her to do, enjoying the sweet summer day, and singing softly to herself.

Then something darkened the window, and she raised her eyes to see Nepture leap in breathless, his tongue hanging from his mouth, and rushing along like a hunted creature.

But that could not be, she saw, for there was no one pursuing him, and Nepture was not a dog to run away if there were.

Up to Phœbe he came, and whining pitifully, caught hold of her dress with his teeth, and dragged at it.

"Oh, Nepture!" she cried in good-humored remonstrance.

"It is a muslin dress, you'll tear it, you naughty dog you."

And putting out her hand she fondled his head. His head was soaking wet.

He was drenched.

His eyes shone with excitement, he panted, yet he would not keep still, but dragged at her pretty blue muslin flounces with his teeth, and whined entreatingly through his expanded nostrils.

A pang of terror shot into Phœbe's heart.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" she cried, and sprang to her feet.

Nepture evidently understood that she had caught the truth, and bounding through the window, looked at her over his shoulder, and barked loudly.

The next moment Phœbe was at his side.

Then they both of them ran.

Nepture leading, and Phœbe following close behind.

There they found Tom lying by the side of the lake, to all appearances quite dead.

Oh, how sad it was to see his round rosy face white and set, the merry eyes closed, and his restless busy limbs still and motionless!

Phœbe clasped him in her arms, and Nepture bounded round and round her.

A lad was there, too, a farmer's son, who helped them all he could, and assisted Phœbe to carry the boy back to the house.

They made a slow procession, very different from the race to get there.

Tom was not a very light burden, and Nepture followed the three in a downcast manner, his tail between his legs.

He took no notice, though I am sure he knew very well that all the way they went the lad was praising him.

"It was the dog saved him, miss, it was," he said.

"I was too far away to help, though I ran as fast as I could, but it was the dog that did it all.

"The little master fell off the cliff, and the dog plunged after him.

"I saw it with my own eyes, and he swam to shore with him in his mouth, and how he did it without being drowned himself is what I can't guess."

"Oh, brave Nepture! oh, good Nepture!" sighed the girl.

But she could hardly speak, what with the exertions of carrying Tom, and the weight of anxiety in her heart.

Poor Phœbe!

She never forgot the day when she had been left in charge of the house and of Tom.

"All's well that ends well," you know, and I don't suppose you are as much frightened about Tom as Phœbe was, and you'll not be surprised to hear that when he had been put to bed, and the doctor sent for, and proper remedies tried, he at last opened his blue eyes, and looked wonderingly round him.

For a moment his little brain was quite confused, but he soon saw where he was, and remembered where he had been when he lost consciousness; struggling in the water, and then carried along through it in his brave dog's mouth.

He was safe and warm in bed, he was alive, and would soon be strong and running around again.

But Nepture, what of him?

"Is Nepture drowned?" were the first words Tom uttered.

And as he said the words the idea overpowered him, and manly boy as he was, and tried to be, he burst out crying.

But, as we know, though Tom did not, Nepture had not the least idea of being drowned.

He was lying on a mat at the foot of the bed, and when he heard the well-known voice, up he jumped, and was on the bed in a minute, and not only on the bed but on Tom, with his dear big good old nose rubbing against the boy's plump cheek.

That was a meeting! and the amount of kissing, crying, laughing, and barking I can give you no idea of.

It was less pleasant for Tom to have to confess to Phœbe what a bad boy he had been, but he made his confession bravely, and told her he had received a lesson he should never forget.

And I am sure you will be glad to hear that this assurance, though spoken in excitement, proved perfectly true, for on that day Tom made excellent resolutions, and what was a yet more excellent thing, he kept them.

As for Nepture, he was a greater favorite than ever with everybody, but admiration and praise could not spoil him; he had too much self-respect and loyalty in that heart of his for that.

He continued just the same, obedient to a word, and yet with that honest dignity about him that no big dog is or ought to be without.

INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS. — The number of successful inventors is always large, but the number of unsuccessful ones is very much larger.

Only the other day 17,000 models of rejected inventions were sold for old junk.

There is always somebody working at the unsolvable problem of perpetual motion or making a flying machine.

It not infrequently happens that, after a patent has been refused to an inventor, a subsequent application is granted by a different examiner.

It sometimes happens that a patent is granted to one man after somebody else has failed to receive a patent for the same invention.

This is a fruitful source of litigation.

Indeed, litigation about patent rights is so common that in the introduction of any valuable patent the legal expenses of defending it are a large part of the capital required.

This was so with Morse's patents and the various patents for sewing machines, India rubber manufacture, and of the inventions that revolutionized industrial processes.

But when rights are once established by law, the profits are enormous.

It was shown in a recent case before the United States Court that for royalties alone on the manufacture of barbed fence wire more than one million dollars a year were paid.

Inventors are now chiefly busy with electricity, and the Patent Office is deluged with devices for making new uses of the modern marvel, or for using it with new appliances.

Many of these inventions run in the direction of motors.

The opinion has gained some ground lately that storage batteries of electricity are not as successful as was at first expected.

It is asserted by some that no storage battery ever gives out as much electricity as it receives, and that every moment decreases the amount yielded.

Edison says the best storage battery is a ton of coal, which can be used at any time to drive a dynamo-machine.

Others, however, think that the storage battery will produce wonderful results.

Inventors have always sought to utilize the forces of nature for the conservation of power.

A good deal of time and money has been spent on efforts to utilize the force of the rise and fall of the tide.

According to some plans the water is to be stored in a reservoir at high tide, and used to turn a water wheel when the tide falls.

Another plan is to get the power from the rise and fall of the float.

There used to be a tidal mill at Astoria and another at Charleston, S. C.

The large amount of land required to get the requisite area of water surface is considered an insuperable objection to tidal mills.

A good deal of money has been expended on solar engines, in the hope of getting power out of the sun's rays.

John Ericsson, the inventor of the monitor and a thousand other things, has made some beautiful solar engines, and not long ago an inventor had a model of a solar engine on the top of the Cooper Union building, and managed to get up steam in a boiler.

The trouble is, however, that the sun does not always shine, and the solar engine, to be of any practical use, must be accompanied with a storage reservoir of power, that can be kept for a rainy day.

There is no telling of what great value the discovery of this simple fact may be.

When bromine was discovered by Ballard in 1834, nothing of importance was expected from it.

Now it is a valuable factor in photography, and a useful remedy for nervous affections.

Capital is never wanted to try even the most foolish inventions.

Not long ago an inventor had an idea that he could, by the use of naked wire, produce a return current and avoid electrical disturbances in cables.

He was with difficulty dissuaded from doing this by a practical man, who saved him lots of money by wrapping several miles of cable about a barrel and arranging the naked wire as proposed by the inventor.

The result was a complete failure, but the cost of the experiment was comparatively trifling.

This is an illustration of the large amount of money that can be wasted through ignorance.

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as if properly treated we certainly can cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

TWILIGHT.

BY J. E.

The Sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates,
  Unclosed of lagging Morning;
In shadows slow the world below
  Fore-greets it, self-adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,
  The cold gray light is growing,
To herald still on every hill
  The red Sun's royal flowing.

The still dark night foresees the light
  Before her heat she lends us,
And waning far, the dwindling star
  Its mystic message sends us.

In glowing pride of prospects wide
  The firmament encloses;
And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss
  The petals of the roses.

The watch-dog's sleep, serene and deep,
  Breaks on the morning's breaking,
And pillowed head that mocked the dead
  From dream to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil
  Come forth ere day to labor;
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,
  To compensate his neighbor.

The world of sound springs up around,
  In murmurs waxing ever;
And wearied men are armed again,
  To face the long endeavor.

We know not, we, what this may be,
  The mystery of ages,
Which day by day writes lives away
  On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the East,
  For victory or disaster,
Who firmly hold the best, the old,
  And Faith alone the Master.

READING THE HAND.

THE practice of the art of palmistry has become a popular pastime both at home and abroad. For the benefit of those who are ambitious to add to their accomplishments that of playing the sibyl, we have gleaned from various sources a few practical directions. It is not difficult to tell fortunes by the hand when once a few rules and principles are fixed in the mind.

Hands are divided into three kinds—those with tapering fingers, those with square, blunt tips, and those that are spade-shaped, with cushions or pods of flesh at each side of the nail.

The first and highest type belongs to persons of quick perceptions; to extra sensitive, very pious people; to contemplative minds, and to all poets and artists who have ideality as a prominent trait.

The second type, with blunt, square-topped fingers, belong to scientific people; to well-balanced characters and to the class of professional or business men neither visionary nor altogether sordid. The third class, those that are spade-shaped, with cushions at the side of the nail, belongs to people of material instincts, strong passions and a love of "creature comforts."

Each finger in every kind of hand has a point representing each of these types. The lower joint or division of the finger next to the palm of the hand stands for the body; the middle joint represents mind, intellect and high spirit, soul. If the divisions are nearly equal in length, a well-balanced character is indicated. When the lowest division is longer than the others, it denotes a sensual nature, choosing utility rather than beauty. When the middle division is longer it shows common sense and a logical, calculating mind. If the top joint is longer than the others, it denotes too much imagination, great ideality, and a lack of practical ability.

The principal lines of the hand are easily remembered: The life line, which runs round the base of the thumb; the line of the head, which begins alongside the line of life (sometimes joining it), and crossing the middle of the palm; and the line of the heart, which goes from one side of the hand to the other at the base of the fingers. If the line of life is of a ruddy color, long and unbroken, extending nearly or quite down to the wrist-line, it foretells good health and long life; if it be broken in any point, it denotes severe sickness; if short, early death; if double, it shows remarkable strength and vitality. The lines encircling the wrist number the years of life, one line making thirty years.

If a character like the sun occurs on the life-line, it denotes loss of an eye or blindness; and each cross or knot means some misfortune or difficulty, great or small according the size of the mark. The little lines are the lesser cares and troubles. Wavy lines in the ends of the fingers or elsewhere foretell death by drowning. A crescent-shaped mark below the little finger and below the line of the heart denotes insanity. A well-defined short line joining the life-line indicates marriage. If no such line appears the person will remain single unless there be a short line or lines in the side of the hand below the little finger, as these also denote the number of times married.

The lines extending down between the third or ring finger to the line of the heart, number the loves of a life time. If but a single line is visible, and that is deep and clear, the person will love faithfully and warmly. A long, well-defined line of head promises intellectual power, but it may be too long, as, if it extends quite to the edge of the hand it indicates to much calculation, craft, meanness. It should end under the third finger, or thereabouts. If it is forked or double towards the end it denotes deception and double dealing, though in a hand otherwise good it may mean only extreme reticence or shyness. When this line is very short and faint it shows stupidity, foolishness.

If the line of the heart is very long, extending from the edge of the hand below the little fingers up between the first and second fingers, it indicates an affectionate disposition, and also promises well for the happiness of the possessor. If it sends down short lines toward the head-line, it shows that affection must be founded upon respect, but if these small lines go upward, love is more a matter of passion and impulse. When the line of the heart is broken, it denotes inconstancy. But judgment must not be formed from any one appearance or line of the hand, as there are many things to be considered. We should look in the left hand chiefly for honors, riches, loves and misfortunes; and in the right for whatever pertains to health and length of days.

Grains of Gold.

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

It is as easy to improve five talents as one.

Time is the most precious of all possessions.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

Men seldom die of hard work; activity is God's measure.

A Russian proverb says: The devil lies hidden where the water is stillest.

Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before your neighbor's.

Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.

The greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. It is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

Encourage your child to be careful of personal appearance, and to always live up to an agreement.

Fatalism, whether it assume the form of torpid acquiescence or of inconsiderate alliance, is not resignation.

The more we drink, we still desire the more. So, if we indulge our passions, they become daily more violent.

The love of Christ is like the blue sky into which we see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

We often find a thousand excellent excuses for our gravest faults; but if anyone wrongs us in the least, the offence is unpardonable.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

If anything affects your eye, you hasten to have it removed; but if your mind is disordered, you must postpone the term of cure for a year

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour: Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

The difficulty with some people is that they know too much. Self-conceit, however, is such a sweet vice that nothing can persuade us to part with it.

Persevere in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow, and your results seemingly meagre, but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted.

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become decreased as our bodies do.

Great truths, when first promulgated, always have received a flood of abuse and popular ridicule, but truths cannot be destroyed, though they are swamped for a time.

Let us here affirm it is to your interest to be a Christian. The truest philosophy, the highest wisdom, and the most varied experience of men prove the truth of this assertion.

People may make injuries worse by unreasonable conduct, by giving way to anger and satisfying that for the moment, instead of thinking what will be the effect in the future.

Femininities.

She has carried a red parasol all summer in the country, and hasn't met a bull.

Directions for resuscitating a half-drowned individual. If it's a girl, whisper ice cream.

Sweden has given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to the daughter of an army officer.

They are now trying to create the impression that no girl who chews gum can ever make a good wife.

Miss Tyler, an Ohio girl, is one of the best amateur baseball catchers and pitchers to be found in the country.

The difference of 40 years between the ages of a Michigan bride and bridegroom was against the woman, who was 72.

If you want to gain the undying hatred of a woman who owns and pets a poodle dog, send her a package of flea powder.

Magnahita, Ohio, girls have formed an association which gives prizes to those who are most attentive to household affairs.

"Can a woman keep a secret?" asked a deacon of one of the trustees. "Oh, yes," he replied, "she can keep it going."

Senator Crane, of Marion, Kan., offered the Ladies' Aid Society $5 if they would make a quilt without speaking a word. They won.

A South Carolina Baptist Church contains in its old record the expulsion of a woman for "doing too much talking in the neighborhood."

An old lady being late at church, entered as the congregation were rising for prayer. "La!" said she, curtseying, "don't rise on my account."

An East Saginaw son-in-law says his wife's mother is an angel. This does not seem strange when the fact is known that she has been dead several years.

An Indiana widow drinks nothing but black tea while she is in mourning. Such consistency is truly pathetic. But what a nerve she will have for her next husband.

The first woman to arrive at Carbonate, Col., received an ovation, substantial tokens of welcome as a town lot, a mining claim, and the money with which to buy a silk dress.

A railway clerk has been lucky enough to yank a $100,000 heiress from the waves at Long Branch. She hasn't given him her hand, but has ordered for him a gold watch that will have two hands.

"Yes," said the milliner, "the suicide of Mrs. Dresstokit is a terrible affair. Why, she did it the very day I sent her a new bonnet, and people may think the bonnet had something to do with it, and it will ruin me."

A Peruvian living in Milan has made a clock entirely out of bread. This reminds us of the blacksmith who made an anvil out of bread. The bread was presented to him by a Vassar College girl. She baked it herself.

A young Miss of sixteen asks what is the proper thing for her to do when she is serenaded by a party of gentlemen at a late hour. We are glad to be able to answer this question. Steal softly downstairs and untie the dog.

All summer resorts yet heard from claim a sumptuous allowance of pretty girls and a corresponding scarcity of young men. This neat style of advertising catches a great many masculines with monopolistic tendencies.

A saddle-horse and the warm regard of two girls were possessed by an Iowa man. He lent the horse to one girl, and of course she rode exasperatingly past the residence of the other, who wildly ran out and stabbed the beast with a knife.

A lion-tamer quarreled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all around his tent. On being sorely pressed, he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "Oh, you contemptible coward!" she shouted, "come out if you dare."

German law courts are not over polite to the fair sex. A lady witness in a Strasburg court, who had sworn to the ownership of only twenty-six summers, when in reality she was the happy possessor of twice that number, was indicted for perjury.

The word love in one of the Indian dialects is chemlendamoughkanagogager. This accounts for the fact that Indians never have but one sweetheart at a time. You couldn't expect a man to attend to two chemlendamoughkanagogager affairs at once.

According to an Italian newspaper, one of the servants of the British Embassy at Rome shot himself the other day in a fit of despair. He had broken a teacup belonging to a set much prized by Lady Paget, and, with Italian impetuosity, died to avoid a scolding.

A Eureka, Nev., man who whipped a woman for a debt of five dollars, publishes a card in reply to criticisms of his conduct, stating that he has in his store a large assortment of rifles, pistols and all styles of shotguns, and that any of her friends can take it up.

One of the usually staid and decorous residents of Grand Rapids was chased up this street and down that by a stranger, to the great excitement of the spectators, who finally rescued him, and heard his confession that he had heedlessly winked at the traveler's pretty wife.

The "darned net craze" is the latest. It is a coarse lace work, wrought on lace netting with either darning cotton or linen floss, the latter making the most delicate effect. It is used for wrappers, curtains and bed-spreads. The patterns are many and varied, including stars, ferns and arabesques.

A vigorous old fellow in Maine who had buried his fourth wife, was accosted by an acquaintance, who unaware of his bereavement, asked: "How is your wife, Cap'n Flowjogger?" To which the captain replied, with a perfectly grave face: "Waal, to tell yew the trewth, I am kinder out of wives just neow."

Rigidly righteous—A little daughter of severely orthodox parents had an idea that heaven was a pretty straight-laced sort of place, and the other day accosted her mother as follows: "Mamma, when I die and go to heaven, don't you suppose they'll let me go down to the bad place on Saturday afternoon to play?"

News Notes.

The Salvation Army threatens to invade Rome.

Missouri's coal fields cover 23,700 square miles.

Moody, the evangelist, likes to drive fast horses.

Only one registered letter in every 13,000 is lost.

A New York man eats a quart of peaches every day.

It is asserted that 100,000 negroes in the United States are Roman Catholics.

By the laws of Milan in 1288, every physician was compelled to own a horse.

Wm. Sheridan has been arrested at New Haven for the 113th time. He began when 13 years old.

Near Norristown fifteen colored men and some women pounded one another with base-ball bats.

Only English lords are allowed by the social rules of Newport to sit in their cottage front doors in their shirt sleeves.

Salvador convicts are chained in pairs, and are sent out to seek work. If they cannot earn or beg their food, they must starve.

They quarreled in a West Virginia town, and one killed the other by shooting him in the breast with a gun loaded with lath nails.

It is a Chicago scientist's prediction that if pointed shoes remain in use, human toes will eventually be obliterated among civilized people.

The Swiss railroad companies now cover a portion of their carriages with a phosphorescent preparation, which makes them visible at night.

An eccentric lounger in Tazewell county, Iowa, has placed thirteen large arm-chairs in as many stores, so that he can always have a seat when he calls.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb were believers in Spiritualism, and would sit for hours to receive communications from Minnie Warren in the spirit land.

A suddenly crazed young man fancied himself a highway robber at San Rafael, Cal., and fired into his own family carriage, badly wounding his sister.

A species of green worm is killing the copperhead snakes of Martin, Texas. The worms fasten themselves to the body of the snake two inches from its head.

A Boston man lay down in a shed, with a big pan of chloroform beside him, and kept dipping a sponge into the liquid and inhaling it until he became unconscious.

A New York lunatic secured one end of his handkerchief by putting a knot in it and closing the door after passing it over the top. He then tied the other end about his neck.

The Rev. Thomas J. Norris, pastor of the Nazareth Primitive Baptist Church in Alabama, went to his church while ill, and presided over a conference meeting lying in bed.

In all parts of India preaching in the public squares has been practiced largely by Christian ministers, and they are now imitated by both Hindoo and Mohammedan priests.

Legislative blundering has set off from between two counties a strip of land in Minnesota sixty-five miles long and a mile wide, without a local government or official recognition.

Two brothers, named Hugh and Alexander McMullen, aged men, are laid up at their home near Loretto, Pa., with broken legs. One was hurt by falling down stairs, and the other by being batted over by a ram.

Although Dog-catcher Tully, of New York, swore that Miss Smiley's black-and-tan terrier escaped from his wagon, he was sent to the penitentiary for six months for stealing the dog, which was valued at $50.

An engineer on an English road is said to have resigned to seek a position on another railway, because "the ghost of a woman whom his engine had run over appeared to him every night at the spot where she was killed."

It wasn't the faith cure that restored to a supposed one-armed beggar his missing member the other day in a Norwich jail. He was taken to the bath-room for a scrubbing, and the missing arm was there developed by the removal of his clothing and some bandages.

A recent Michigan story is that a powerful cyclone swept through a piece of timber, gathered up several cords of wood, carried it six miles across a prairie and deposited it on the premises of a widow who was too poor to buy a stick and unable to carry it from the forest.

The youthful son of a Huntsville, Ala., clergyman in sport pointed an old army musket at James Matthews. The weapon had not been handled since it was laid aside after the close of the war, but it had been loaded all the time, and Matthews dropped dead with a bullet in his brain.

A horse broke away from a Second Avenue (N. Y.) horse car the other day, and went through a millinery store plate glass window. The sharp edges of the broken glass cut gashes in the animal's throat, and the blood spattered over nearly everything hanging in the window.

A musical wonder is exhibited in London. It is called the canina. The notes are produced by dogs, twelve of whom are seated in a row inside a long box. Keys on the outer board communicate with wires, which touch each animal's head, and when the performer strikes the ivory, and the contact warns the dog, a whine, a yell a bark, or a base growl is the response.

GIVE ATTENTION AT ONCE to anything symptomatic of Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, or any Bowel Complaint, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will avoid much suffering and no little danger. The reputation of this medicine has been established by its merit, and it is now everywhere recognized as a standard curative.

A Precious Charm.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THE little farmhouse door was wide open, so that Mrs. Thaxter, sitting at her knitting, could see the alternate sweeps of cloud and sunshine over the distant fields, and the green billows of the apple-orchard tossing to and fro.

"The house seems so still without Dora," the old lady pondered, as she came to the seam-needle and let the half-completed stocking fall into her lap.

"She's been married six months now, and I declare to goodness it seem like six years. I never knew how dear the child was to me until she went away, and——"

And in the same breath, Dora Wilton, the dimpled, dainty little bride who had been brought up in this very farmhouse, ran into old Mrs. Thaxter's arms.

"Why, Dora!" said the old lady, "this ain't you? Nothing has happened, I hope?"

"No, aunty," sobbed the girl, "but I did want to see you so much, so, as soon as Herbert went to the office, I took the express train and came down to spend a day with you."

"And a very good idea, I am sure," said Mrs. Thaxter, bustling cheerily round to remove her niece's things.

And Dora, who sat moodily playing with her bonnet-ribbons at the window, burst into tears, and exclaimed—

"Oh, aunty, if only it was old times—if only I had never married at all!"

Mrs. Thaxter stopped short, with the quaint little Japanese teapot in her hand.

"Why, Dora, dear," said she, "what is the trouble? Aren't you happy?"

"No!" sobbed Dora; "oh, no, no!"

"And why not in the name of common sense?" demanded the old lady.

"You loved him, and he loved you, and when you two were married and went away from here, you were the happiest couple that I ever saw."

"Yes, I know," said Dora, still keeping her face averted from the old lady's questioning gaze; "but Herbert doesn't love me as he used to."

"My dear," said Mrs. Thaxter, "whose fault is that?"

"Not mine, I am sure," said the bride, firing up in her own defence.

"Nobody can be expected to be always as amiable as the patient Griselda. And if he doesn't want me to speak short, he shouldn't be everlastingly finding fault."

Mrs. Thaxter looked at her niece with a little sigh.

"Yes," said she, "I see. It's the little foxes that spoil the grapes. You could endure a severe test of your love——"

"But not these little, pricking, worrying trials," spoke Dora with spirit. "Oh, aunty, what shall I do?"

"Dora," said Mrs. Thaxter, after a brief silence, during which she made the tea and poured it out—a clear and fragrant beverage—into little cups of antique china, with spoons shaped like miniature soup-ladles, and bearing the "hall mark" of a hundred years ago, "all this is no new tale for me to listen to. The world repeats itself in every generation. I, too, when first I was married to your uncle Thaxter, passed through just such an experience as this."

"Did you, aunty?" with sudden interest.

"For a little while, and then it passed away."

"But how?" said eager, tearful Dora.

"I used—a charm," said Mrs. Thaxter.

"A charm?"

"A charm," repeated the old lady, "which I inherited from my own mother."

"Oh, aunty, what was it?"

"Well, dear, I don't mind telling you," said the old lady, "and I'll give you the amulet itself. Here."

She unclasped a string of dull gold beads from about her neck as she spoke.

"Your gold beads, aunty," cried Dora.

"My magic spell, child," answered the old lady. "I never wore them round my neck in those days. I carried them hidden away in my pocket. You must do the same. Do not let Herbert suspect that they are there. But when he speaks a little crisply, and you feel inclined to retort with sharpness, stop and count off three of these beads with your fingers. Then say what you please."

Dora laughed hysterically.

"You are making game of me, aunty," said she.

"I am speaking the solemn truth," said Mrs. Thaxter. "I don't ask you to believe in me, or in my amulet. I only ask you to give it a fair trial."

"But," argued Dora, "it seems so ridiculous."

"Very likely," said the old lady; "but I had the beads from my mother, and she taught me their spell, which I, in my time, found so efficacious. But mind, you are not to utter a syllable until you have counted three beads—one, two, three. One for faith, two for hope, three for charity. Then trust me, niece Dora, you will find the fever will burn out of your heart, the harsh, nettle-stinging words will sink unspoken from your tongue."

"Well," said Dora, taking the beads and glancing almost superstitiously at their dull glitter, "I will try them. But I am almost certain that they will not do any good."

"And I am certain that they will," said Mrs. Thaxter, quietly. "Now let us go out into the garden and get some of the early pears, and gather white currants."

So Dora spent the day happily at the old farm, and went back in the sultry summer twilight to her new home.

Herbert Wilton was there before her, impatiently pacing the floor.

"This isn't a particularly pleasant place to come back to and find deserted," said he sharply. "Why couldn't you have told me you were going away, and then I could have spent the evening at the club."

"Because I am not a five-year-old child to ask leave every time I go out," was the answer that rose hotly to Dora's lips; but she checked herself as she remembered aunt Thaxter's amulet.

And slipping her hand in the pocket of her dress, she counted off one, two, three of the glittering beads.

And by that time a little of the dreariness of the unlighted apartment struck into her own heart.

It was a cheerless place for Herbert to come home to.

"I'll light the gas directly, dear," she said. "And perhaps I ought to have told you that I thought of spending the day at the old farm. I did want to see dear old aunt so badly."

Herbert's frown faded away; and naturally enough, too, he said—

"Suppose we go down together on Sunday, Dora. It must be rather stupid for you here, with nothing but the canary and your needlework to amuse you. Now sit down, and I'll read the evening papers to you."

An almost superstitious thrill passed through Dora's heart, as she recognized the success in this first ordeal of the old lady's amulet.

The next morning Mr. Wilton, dressing in a great hurry, found a button off his shirt.

"Here's a button gone again!" he exclaimed, flinging the shirt on the floor. "It does seem to me, Dora, that you might be a little more careful about these things."

"That is no reason that you should lose your temper," trembled on Dora's tongue.

But the amulet, the amulet!

It flashed across her memory, as if the dead gold of the time-polished balls were yellow lightning.

"I'll look them all over this morning, Herbert," she said pleasantly. "You shall find every button tight after this."

He laughed.

"I shouldn't have spoken so quickly," said he; "but a button off a man's shirt is a proverbial trial to his temper, you know, Dora."

At breakfast the coffee was thick and tannid, the muffins of a sheet-lead consistency.

Mr. Wilton pushed back his chair.

"What sort of stuff do you call this?" said he angrily.

Dora flushed to the roots of her hair.

"If you don't like it——"

But then she paused, without adding, "you can let it alone," and told over the magic beads.

Yes, it was true.

The hot coffee was very bad; the hot bread not fit to eat; and she said quietly—

"I'll try to instruct Bridget a little. She is very ignorant, but she seems willing enough. In the meantime, if you'll have a little patience, I'll run out and make a fresh cup myself."

"No, darling," said he, "you shall not do that. Do you suppose I want your pretty face roasted over the hot coals? Give me a tumbler of milk; and let us hope that Biddy will have better luck next time."

And when he was gone to the office, leaving an affectionate good-bye kiss on Dora's cheek, she drew out the amulet and pressed it to her lips.

"You darling, glittering old thing!" she said aloud. "You have already begun to lift me out of the Slough of Despond. Herbert does love me; and I am learning to control that pettish, wayward, uncontrolable tongue of mine a little, thanks to you, good amulet."

At the end of a month she went down to the old farmhouse again.

"Well, Dora," said Mrs. Thaxter, "and how does the spell work?"

"Oh, aunty," cried Dora, "I am so happy! And so thankful to you! And, oh—might I keep these precious old beads?"

"Of course, my dear, of course," said aunt Thaxter. "Though in respect to their qualifications as an amulet——"

"You needn't tell me, aunty," said Dora, laughing and coloring. "I have discovered that already for myself. It isn't the three beads so much as it is the stopping to think. Herbert and I are both better children now. And we are disciplining ourselves—oh, you can't think how splendidly! But all the same, aunty, I should like to keep these old gold beads, which have been in the family for a hundred years."

"And you shall, my dear," said Mrs. Thaxter. "Henceforth they are yours."

"Because," Dora added, "they have really been to me 'A Precious Charm.'"

"The Petroleum Price Current" is the name of a new magazine published at 787 Dock St., by George M. Wallace. It is devoted to the petroleum interests of the country and is ably edited. It deserves a cordial welcome, and will no doubt receive it from the trade. It is well printed in clear large type and neatly bound. Price $2.00 per year.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Humorous.

Beautiful extract—Helping a handsome young lady out of a mud-hole.

Crewel work—Worsted slippers three sizes too small for the young curate's feet.

An experienced pawnbroker says nothing is so liable to be shoved up as an umbrella.

The last guy of the hoodlums: "Now let yer ears down on yer shoulders and rest 'em."

Because horses are used to reins, it does not follow that they are unaffected by wet weather.

The Wall-street sandwich—Bull on one side, bear on the other, and a little lamb in the middle.

Philadelphia amateur musicians are forming a club, and other people are looking around for one.

Can the policeman who chases and catches a Chinese criminal be said to be the Asiatic collarer?

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch 'em."

A physician gives directions "how to see the blood circulate." His method is not as simple as the old way of telling a prize-fighter he lies.

A fireman, who poisoned some cold meat to "settle" a dog, and then ate it with his luncheon, has got a new an improved memory since the doctors succeeded in getting the meat back.

There are few things so irritating in this life as to wait half an hour for your adversary at checkers, and then have him look up, as if just aroused from a nap, and stupidly inquire, "Whose move is it?"

The president of an insurance company has addressed the following note to one of its policy-holders: "It has come to our knowledge that you have written several spring poems with the intention of offering them for sale to the public press. I write this to say that if you persist in your purpose it will work a forfeiture of your policy. You only pay the ordinary rates, and we always classify spring poets as extra hazardous."

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

$10.00 AWARD

For the BEST POEM on ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS. Must not exceed 24 lines, nor allude to other makers. Competitors to enclose 25 cents, for which they will receive 12 best assorted steel pens. No puffs wanted. Award made Oct. 1st.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
26 John St., New York.

SILKS FOR PATCH-WORK

In blocks of all sizes, colors and designs. Send six 2c stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

Splendid 50 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven Ct.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."
Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. of PHILA.

Assets, $8,483,807.12. Organized in 1847. Purely Mutual. Surplus, $1,809,462.85.
Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
All approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies issued. Policies absolutely non-*forfeitable* for "reserve" value, and *incontestable* after three years, except for fraud.

TO CONQUER THAT

BLUE DEVIL DISEASE

Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy

Engelman's

Thirty Powders, TEN DAYS TREATMENT. PRICE, $1.00.

Your Powders give early relief and, in my case, a permanent cure. MAJOR JOS. ANTHONY, Gen'l Sup't Lykens Valley Coal Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

I have used your DYSPEPSIA Powders with marvelous success, and rejoice in the knowledge that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. You are at liberty to refer to Yours respectfully, JAS. S. STACKHOUSE, Ticket Receiver P. R. R. Co., Broad St. Station, Philada.

Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price.

DYSPEPSIA

The trouble is no longer the want of sleep, but the want of time to sleep, and no more enjoyed, but pleasant, dreams. A. H. STOVER, Harrisburg, Pa.

Your Powders have cured me, after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER, Harrisburg, Pa.

RETAIL DRUGGISTS SUPPLIED BY JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

POWDERS.

The Yokohama Tea Store, O'Neill Bros. & Co. Port Huron, Michigan.

DEAR SIR:—Could get no relief from physicians or Pepsin. The action of your Powders is something wonderful. Yours truly, P. J. O'NEILL.

TEMPLE OF PHARMACY, No. 830 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Orders by mail. Address, FRANK E. ENGELMAN, 1839 Seybert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Morning Sun, O., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 23, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. P.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

R. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

POOR TILDA.

NEARLY all who knew Tilda Mills supposed she was as happy as the days were long, with her well-to-do parents and three big brothers.

But if the truth must be told, she often thought herself one of the most unhappy of little girls, and for the reason that she was constantly aware that her father loved her brothers far more than herself.

She was a very affectionate little thing, and often wanted to sit in his lap, and have him pat her on the head as she had seen other fathers do with their little girls; but, to her sorrow, he never manifested any such display of affection.

If she spoke when company was present he would silence her, nor would he allow her to play about the house like other children.

"Why, 'pa," Tilda's mother would say, "The poor child cannot work all the time; she has been washing dishes, sweeping and running errands, until she is quite tired."

"That's nothing to what girls used to do when I was young," Tilda's father would generally reply.

"But, you know, Tilda goes to school, 'pa, and as much cannot be expected of her as if she did not have her studies to attend to," often pleaded Tilda's mother.

"Well, I don't believe it's best to send her much longer; for my part I don't believe in givin' girl's too much edication."

"Nor I, neither," added Granny Mills.

Neither Tilda nor her mother ever attempted to dispute with the old lady, as they knew it would only serve to call forth a still greater torrent of abuse, besides offending Mr. Mills, who looked upon her as the one woman in the world whose counsel was worth the having.

This was a little strange, as she was only his step-mother.

She married his father when he was twelve years old, and had ever since been the great spoke in the wheel in the Mills household; not losing the least of her sway on the death of her husband, and the marriage of his son, which occurred soon after.

The second Mrs. Mills was too timid and feeble-bodied a creature to cope with the self-willed muscular mother-in-law.

Therefore the latter was allowed to take the lead, and generally performed her share of the work, always accompanied with a deal of brag and bustle.

When the old lady was sewing, which she often was, Tilda thought it great fun to try to make dolls' clothes, which she succeeded in doing very expertly.

At last grandma declared that the child might as well sew shirts as spend her strength so foolishly.

She procured her the material, and the child was set to work.

Once taught, the child had no peace unless she sewed as much as her grandmother did every day.

To do this she had to leave school, a thing that pleased her father and grandmother greatly, at the same time grieving her mother so sorely that she would cry for hours together.

At eighteen, Tilda, under the stern discipline of her rugged old Grandmother (who at the sanction of her father, had the complete control of the poor girl), had, so far as health was concerned, become a complete wreck.

She already stooped like an elderly woman, had a hollow cough, and was subject to terrible headaches.

Her father, though a hard-hearted man, acknowledged before he died that he had wronged Tilda, and urged upon his sons the duty of making up to her in kindness what he had lacked.

As her broken-hearted mother had died two or three years previously, Tilda had no one to depend upon but them.

The old grandmother was still living, but the three boys declared that their sister should no longer be on speaking terms with her.

Tilda did not long survive her father, having died of nervous prostration. But the hardy old woman who wrought such ruin to this lovely young girl lived to an extreme age.

It seemed that she had a constitution that could withstand almost any hardship.

What a pity it is that people of this kind should be permitted to have charge of the young and delicate.

E. T.

GREATNESS in God's sight lies, not in the extent of the sphere which is filled, or of the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul.

Facetiæ.

The cost of stopping a train of cars is said to be from 40 to 60 cents. When the train is stopped by another train the prices become somewhat inflated.

"Here, now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied; "give it to him."

A very disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew, charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

An insane physician has just been discovered. He told his patients that they were not very sick, and went to work and cured them of what little did all them. He has been sent to the lunatic asylum.

Dudes who chew the heads of their canes are advised by a medical editor to have the same of soft rubber instead of silver. It makes less wear and tear on the gums, and helps the teeth to come through just as well.

The sting of the bee is scarcely discernible under a powerful magnifying glass. But the man who is stung by a bee seldom has his microscope with him, and always imagines that sting to be about the size of a red-hot crowbar.

One man was asked by another, with whom he was on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I'm living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you would drop in some evening."

"I wish to Heaven I had a gentleman opposite," said an irritable old fellow at a dinner party. "Why should you wish such a thing?" was the retort; "you cannot be more orposite to a gentleman than you are at present."

"Did you get any orders?" asked the boss of the drummer, who had just returned from his first trip. "Any orders?" echoed the tyro: "that's all I did get. I was ordered out of every shop I went into before I could sell a thing."

Have you used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease? Price $1. Sold by druggists.

The world is indebted to science for the discovery that a double chord struck violently on a piano will kill a lizard. This is gratifying news, indeed; but what the world is suffering for is some kind of chord that will instantly destroy the amateur piano pounder.

Don't die without an effort. Heart disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Sold by druggists.

"Let that fellow kiss me!" exclaimed she indignantly to her brother, who was teasing her about one of her beaus. "I'd just like to see him try it! I'd give him such a smack that he wouldn't forget it as long as he lives!" And sure enough she did, for that night the brother overheard the young fellow telling his sister that the "memory of that sweet kiss will linger while life"—etc.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED for our new book, THE SPY OR THE REBELLION. By ALLAN PINKERTON, the great detective. True history of the "Spy System," reveals secrets never before published. Elegantly illustrated, thrillingly interesting; sells very rapidly. Special terms free. Address A. G. NETTLETON & CO., Chicago, Ills.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 167 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock. All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Phila.

☞Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices. William T. TOTTEN, 672 N. Tenth St., Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

HEALTH---BEAUTY.

Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all internal Pains.

—ALSO—

Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to 20 minutes. NOT ONE HOUR After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs, It was the first, AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

(The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.)

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT. No pay till cured. Ten years established. 1,000 cured. State case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

50 New Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c., or all Gold & Silver, 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MIDSUMMER, with its expected heat and radiant sun, has caused the disappearance to a great extent of rich materials, shimmering satins, princely velvets, and the varied luxurious brocbes which have been hitherto worn.

Light, vapory, fleecy fabrics, graceful and stylish for town wear, yet with a touch of rustic simplicity for the country, are the masters of the situation.

A young lady never looks to better advantage than when attired in one of the delicious summer toilettes of light fabrics with their cloud-like trimmings of lace and floating ribbons.

A material much admired is white voile sprinkled with very small flowers, one costume being made of this material embroidered with moss rose buds worked with silks in satin stitch.

The skirt is draped and edged with a white lace flounce, and the short full graceful paniers are edged also with a fleecy flounce of Mechlin lace, and are looped with bows of ribbon in three colors matching the embroidery, pink, grenat, and moss green.

The corsage to complete this charming toilette is of voile, trimmed with cascades of lace, in which are inserted delicate bows of three colors.

If preferred, the corsage can be replaced by one of velvet, pink, grenat, or green, according to taste and the shade of the complexion.

An equally pretty stylish dress is of white etamine, with a pleated skirt edged with an "old gold" and an "old blue" balayeuse.

The open tunic is of etamine edged with a beautiful embroidered band, worked tapestry fashion in old blue and old gold, two shades of each, in an antique pattern. The etamine corsage is trimmed with narrower bands of the same embroidery.

A dress which always pleases and always regains its place every year is the toilette of écru foulard, of which many elegant models are made this season.

One specimen is ornamented with rich wide Richelieu guipure, embroidered on the foulard itself and not added.

Such dresses are always distingue and very easy to wear, but they lose much by descriptions which fall far short of the reality.

The dresses need to be seen to be appreciated, for they have a certain air which improves the most awkward figure, while in the hands of an elegant woman they are unapproachable.

Mi-confectionne costumes are to be obtained of our great houses in every variety of cool summer fabrics for town or country.

Zephyrs, cambric, etamine, batiste, a great variety of tissues are used, and they are mostly trimmed with embroidered bands of the same material, cut out in open work, which has a wonderfully pretty effect.

Among these there are many which could be used as house evening toilettes in the country in the autumn and winter.

In really hot weather taffetas are preferred to all other silks, as they are so light and soft, and they are specially fashionable this year on account of the glace varieties which are so much admired.

An elegant walking toilette is of shot, copper, and blue taffetas, with a panelled skirt separated by lan pleatings, the panels being caught tablier is in by bows of ribbon.

A short blouse tablier is in front, and long pleated paniers emerging from the sides are draped on the tournure, where they form a long full puff behind.

The corsage has long points back and front, and has a finely pleated plastron edged with white lace and trimmed with three bows at the neck, the bust, and the waist.

The tight-fitting sleeves are covered with the long Suede gloves.

A white straw hat is lined and trimmed with copper colored velvet, a plume of copper feathers drooping over the brim on the left.

The sun-shade is of copper satin, lined with white silk.

Sun-shades are on the whole unusually elegant this summer, the handles being very handsome, and the frames covered with rich or delicate fabrics to match the toilette.

Some are of chequered taffetas, to be worn with chequered costumes; they are very tasteful, edged with wide lace placed almost flat, which forms a pretty shade to the face.

Others are very handsome, with large Japanese designs embroidered in bold, vivid colors.

However, many ladies admire these without caring to adopt them, for they decidedly verge towards the eccentric in luxury. Many prefer those of plain satin, the color of the costume, as being more ladylike. One very pretty model is of geranium satin embroidered on one side with a flight of swallows.

Sprays of flowers embroidered, or artificial specimens placed on one of the divisions, are very pretty ornaments for sunshades, the embroidered varieties being preferable as they cannot crumple. Lace is considerably used, and the most fashionable sunshades are those of biscuit sateen covered with flounces of the same shade.

Lace has attained the great perfection, at least the cheaper varieties, for while no white laces can surpass the old points of past centuries, the commoner kinds are dyed every color now to suit all fabrics. The effect is exceedingly pretty of a toilette or mantle trimmed with lace of the exact shade, and the variety of color has of course enabled it to be used on many confections of which the color is not suited for black or white lace.

Some very graceful specimens of traveling mantles and dust cloaks are being made of light wool or alpaca, trimmed with lace to match.

A traveling cloak, for a young bride, is of prune colored damask, with wide mantle sleeves lightly gathered into a wide cuffs which is covered with a ruche of wide prune lace.

A jabot of the same ornaments the front, and a wide full lace flounce edges the vetement, which shows only two or three ruches of the skirt beneath.

Similar mantles are made of pale gray or brown alpaca, the lace being of the same shade.

The toilettes prepared for the sea-side have brought into existence many original hats.

Some are too eccentric to be much worn, but others are ladylike and most becoming.

The Hidalgo chapeau, for instance, is a stylish hat for young ladies, made of black straw.

The crown is high and conical, the brim very wide, shading the face but turned up on the left; it is edged with black silk braid like a felt hat.

The crown is draped with black velvet passed through a handsome gold buckle in front, and on the left from another buckle flows a long plume of lovely shaded red feathers which fall on to the left shoulder.

The Joconse chapeau is a very eccentric model, but is very becoming to a piquante face.

It is of Manilla straw, with a large crown the brim most fantastically bent in front to suit the face, and lined with ruched white lace.

The crown is merely encircled with a narrow straw braid which forms loops in front secured by bronze pins.

A plume of beautiful pale blue feathers covers the front and right side of the crown and brim.

The greater part of summer chapeaux are of colored straws, matching the color of the toilette, any shape of these being admissible.

But for capotes a very dressy and charming material is white or colored crape, trimmed with lace, feathers, and artificial flowers of subdued tint.

Cloth costumes and cloth jackets being now so fashionable, and many of our readers being sufficiently skilful to undertake the making of them without assistance, a few practical hints on tailoring will be useful to them in their work, tailor work being in some respects different from dressmaking, and requiring special methods and arrangement.

Jackets being the most general and useful of cloth vetements, we may take one of these as the basis of our remarks.

The paper pattern of the jacket must be first cut as correctly as possible, and corrected where necessary by a well-fitting bodice-pattern.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS ON FANCY WORK.

A PROTECTING cover for a lounge can be prettily made out of two simple materials—cheap cretonne and a strip of common brown cotton, which is used as a border to the brightly tinted goods, and where the seams are put a row of fancy stitches—using embroidery silk or crewel; finish off the ends with fringe.

Another style of lounge cover is made of unbleached cotton, around which may be stitched a strip of turkey-red calico—this constitutes the border finish.

Scatter over the rest of the cover appliqued leaves and blossoms cut out of cretonne, all carefully stitched to the goose, and where the stems are frail embroidery should be brought into requisition.

It is surprising how much these home-made covers protect fashionably upholstered lounges.

A very pretty industry, with a practical result, is given in crocheted napkin rings for children.

Select linen thread of a soft, unbleached tint, make a chain the required length, close the same, which will show the size of the ring to be wrought; now crochet round and until the width of the ring is obtained, finish with small scallops, starch stiff, and slip over a bottle to dry; when dry run a bright colored ribbon through the scallops and tie in a tiny bow with short ends; this novel style of child's napkin ring is quite a beauty spot on a well appointed table.

A pretty style of sofa pillow is crocheted in squares of different colors; select worsted of moderate size.

Almost any stitch may be chosen; a cord is run around the edge, and tassels, one or two, are placed on the corners.

A Mexican work-basket is very ornamental, and not difficult to do either; neither is it at all expensive.

Purchase a basket made of soft rushes; embroider a piece of scarlet cloth, cut the shape of the pattern; the valance around the basket is also of a scarlet cloth, and handsomely ornamented with needlework.

The design of the embroidery is in large Mexican stitch, which is very showy and easier of execution than the Berlin work. The appliques are of various colors, cut out of odd bits of fine goods, and button-hole stitched on to the cloth; a rustic frame holds the basket; the whole is handsome and quite ornamental.

Lamp mats artistically executed are an addition to a cosy cottage home.

The materials required are very expensive.

Take two ounces of zephyr, rose and white, or blue and white, and one skein of dark green; take two chairs, put the backs together, leaving a space between of half a yard; place two sticks across the tops of the chairs; sit at the opposite side of the sticks, having someone to assist in the weaving; wind the thread where the knot is, slip the loops of the thread, drawing down firmly, and then pass the zephyr over again and continue; the process is simple, and the result exceedingly pretty.

These mats are durable and also ornamental.

There is no kind of fancy work more fascinating than knitting lace, and then lace of this kind is so durable it is very desirable for trimming underclothing.

Torchon lace requires linen thread; the size of needles selected must be according to the number of the spool linen, cast on seventeen stitches.

Knit the first time across plain; in commencing the second row, knit three and wind the thread twice around the needle held in the right hand, then knit two stitches (seam) together; knit two plain, turn over the thread three times, narrow; knit six, turn over twice, seam two together.

Third row, turn over twice, seam together, knit seven, first loop, seam second, drop third, knit two, turn over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Fourth row, knit three, turn over twice, seam two together; knit eleven, turn over twice, seam two together.

Fifth row, turn over twice, seam two together, knit eleven, turn over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Sixth row, knit three, turn over twice, seam two together, knit two, turn over three times, narrow, turn over three times, narrow, knit five, turn over twice, seam two together.

Seventh row, turn over twice, seam two together, knit six, knit first loop, seam second, drop third, knit two, turn over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Eight times across, knit three, turn over twice, seam together two, knit thirteen, turn over twice, seam two together.

Ninth row, turn over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Tenth row, knit three, turn over twice, seam two together, knit two, turn over three times, narrow, turn over three times, narrow, turn over three times, narrow, knit five, turn over twice, seam two together.

Eleventh row, turn over twice, seam two together, knit six, knit first loop, seam second, drop third, three times, knitting one between the three loops, knit two over twice, seam two together, knit three.

Twelfth row, knit three, turn over twice, seam two together, knit ten, bind off all but two, slipping the twelfth stitch over the eleventh, turn over twice, seam two together, then knit ten, turn over twice, seam two together, repeat from second row.

Oak leaf lace is not so difficult to learn how to knit as Torchon—cast on eight stitches.

First row, knit two, thread over and narrow, thread over and narrow, thread over, and knit two plain; second row, knit six plain, seam one, knit two plain; third row, knit two, thread over and narrow, knit one, thread over and narrow, thread over and knit two plain; fourth row, knit seven plain, seam one, knit two plain; fifth row, knit two plain, thread over and narrow, knit two plain, thread over and narrow, thread over and knit two plain; sixth row, knit eight plain, seam one, knit two plain; seventh row, knit two plain, thread over and narrow, knit three plain, thread over and narrow, thread over and knit two plain.

Correspondence.

T. S. H., (Summersville, Pa.)—Yes.

T. M. M., (Newport, N. J.)—February 22, 1864, fell on Sunday.

LISA G., (Belpre, Wash, O.)—Order the pamphlet through your dealer.

LOUIS, (Camden, N. J.)—A slice of lemon bound over corns is said to cure them.

H. B. A., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—We do not believe in signs or omens of any kind or description.

CARRIE, (Thoroughfare, N. J.)—The population of the world is about 1,400,000,000. 2. Your writing is good.

MARIE, (Woodbury, N. J.)—The inclosed lock of hair is a medium brown. 2. You write and spell correctly.

P. R. I., (Phila., Pa.)—If the firm is in every respect reliable, we should judge the investment to be a safe one.

B. F. T., (Chicago, Ill.)—Consult a solicitor; but we fear the elder brother has the right he asserts, if there was no will.

B. E. K., (Phila., Pa.)—The four characters to which you refer in Homer's "Iliad" are: Achilles, Ulysses, Hector and Telemachus.

M. E. T., (Toland, Conn.)—If you can find no one to introduce you, we would advise you to give up the idea of making the young lady's immediate acquaintance.

S. M. E., (Wanshard, Wis.)—Wash your plated ware with warm soap-suds and ammonia, rinse and dry well, and then polish with finely-powdered whiting by means of a piece of chamois-skin.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—The gentleman is evidently anxious to call on you. If your cousin and elder sister approve of your so doing, there would be no impropriety in you extending the invitation.

F. M. L., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—You might obtain such a position by calling at various establishments of the kind named, and applying for an opportunity of filling the first vacancy which may occur.

M. L. C., (Solon, Iowa.)—Civet, used so extensively in perfumes, is a substance produced from the civet, a carnivorous animal, ranking between the weasel and fox. It is a native of North Africa.

D. T. W., (Tangie, La.)—Certainly not. We know nothing about "enamel for the skin," and if we did, would not divulge the secret. Have you never read of the physiological experiment of varnishing a dog all over? He simply dies.

G. D. S., (Ford, Mich.)—We are sorry for you; but you should aim to govern your own temper, and make your home a pleasant one, at least so far as you and your children are concerned. Your husband seeing this, and feeling its influence, might try to be pleasant himself. By persevering in this course you may in time overcome the evils of which you complain.

M. L. A., (Norristown, Pa.)—You say you introduced the young man to your friend. Do you know him to be a trustworthy person of thoroughly good character? If not, why did you introduce him to her? If you do know him to be a man worthy of confidence, you should not suspect him of deceit and prevarication, and your friend should accept his apology and explanation.

M. K. C., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—To preserve flowers carefully dip them, as soon as gathered, in perfectly limpid gum-water, and after allowing them to drain two or three minutes, arrange them tastefully in an empty vase. The gum will form a transparent coating on the surface of the petals and the stems, and figure and color will be preserved long after they have become crisp and dry.

S. W. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—You will find it advantageous to raise the head of the bed a foot higher than the foot, and then to sleep on a tolerably thick hair pillow, so as to bring the head a little higher than the shoulders. The object is to make the work of the heart in throwing the blood to the brain harder, so that it will not throw so much. A level bed, with the bed almost as low as the feet, causes an easy flow of blood to the brain and prevents sleep.

W. M. B., (Winchester, Pa.)—Yes; in fair weather, when the ship is going comparatively steadily, a compass is used in which the card moves very freely, and shows promptly the slightest variations in course. In severe weather the motion of the vessel would affect such a compass too much, and one with a heavier and slowly moving card is used to steer by. Many compass-makers think that improved, modern compasses can be made to act equally well in fine and stormy weather, and so render the use of two steering compasses unnecessary.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.)—The bride in going to church, occupies the first carriage. The father hands out the bride, and leads her to the altar, the mother and the bridesmaids and groomsmen. The bridegroom occupies the last carriage, with the principal groomsman. He follows, and stands facing the altar, with the bride at his left. The father places himself behind with the mother, if she attends. The chief bridesmaid occupies a place on the left of the bride, to hold her gloves, &c.: the other bridesmaids range themselves on the left. When the ceremony is over, the bride, taking the bridegroom's arm, goes into the vestry, the others following, where the register is signed, after which the married pair walk down the aisle, arm-in-arm, enter their carriage, and proceed to the breakfast.

L. P., (Washington, D. C.)—The Chinese have many peculiar fashions and fancies which are remarkable; and one of the most curious is the industry with which they cultivate their finger nails. They esteem it a good proof of a man being a gentleman, or at least one who is not obliged to have recourse to manual labor to procure his subsistence, if he have long nails. They sometimes allow them to acquire the extraordinary length of eight or nine inches. In order to preserve them from external injury, each of the claws is enclosed in a joint of hollow bamboo, so that the hand which is graced with these strange ornaments is rendered nearly useless. The Chinese ladies are particularly attentive to the preservation of their nails, which are sometimes an inch or an inch and a half long on all the fingers. Their texture resembles a dry quill very much, and as they increase in length they curl up at the edges.